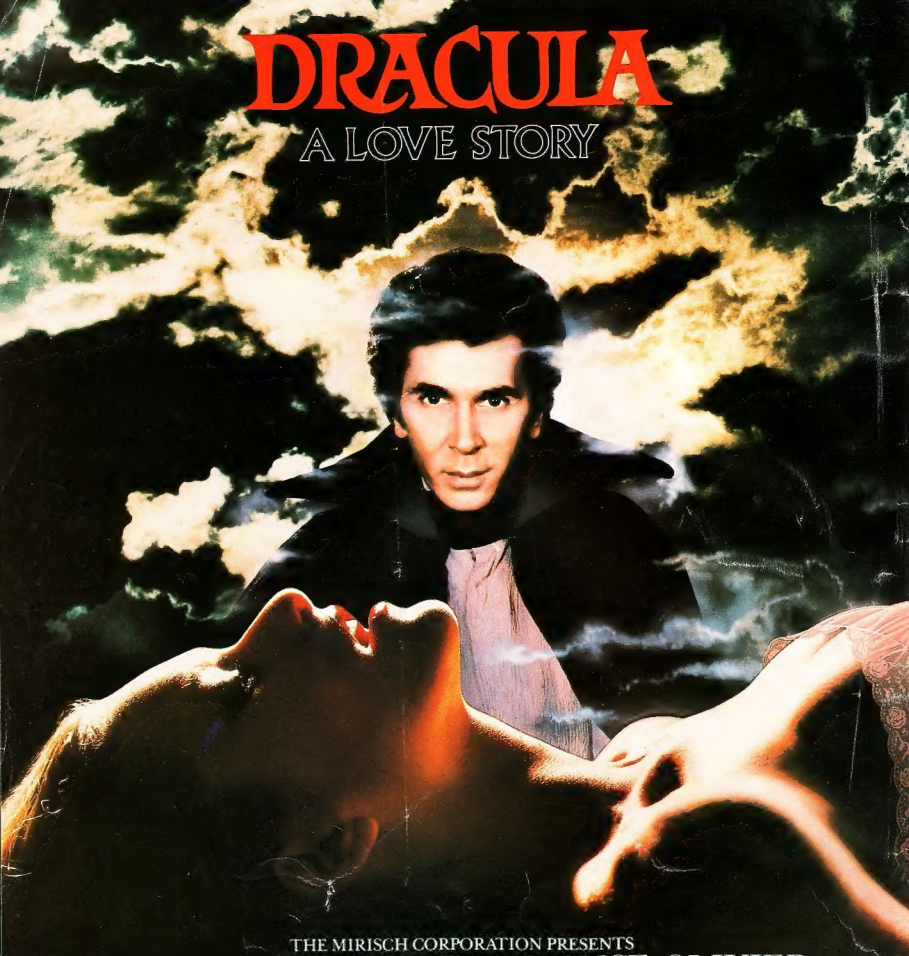
HEAVY METAL
August 1979
$1.50
IND 36587
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
©Morrow

DRACULA

A LOVE STORY



THE MIRISCH CORPORATION PRESENTS

FRANK LANGELLA WITH LAURENCE OLIVIER

IN DRACULA

ALSO STARRING DONALD PLEASENCE KATE NELLIGAN

A WALTER MIRISCH-JOHN BADHAM PRODUCTION

SCREENPLAY BY W. D. RICHTER BASED ON THE STAGE PLAY BY HAMILTON DEANE AND JOHN L. BALDERSTON

FROM THE NOVEL BY BRAM STOKER MUSIC BY JOHN WILLIAMS SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECTS BY ALBERT WHITLOCK

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MARVIN MIRISCH PRODUCED BY WALTER MIRISCH DIRECTED BY JOHN BADHAM

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE · PANAVISION®

DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES

© 1979 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Opening Friday the 13th of July.

READ IT SLOWLY.

You'll want to. It's that good . . . it's The Hugo Winners: 23 speculative fiction stories that have won the science fiction equivalent of the Oscar —Arthur C. Clarke's superb story, "The Star," Jack Vance's classic, "The Dragon Masters," and Poul Anderson's award-winner, "No Truce With Kings," plus 20 more.

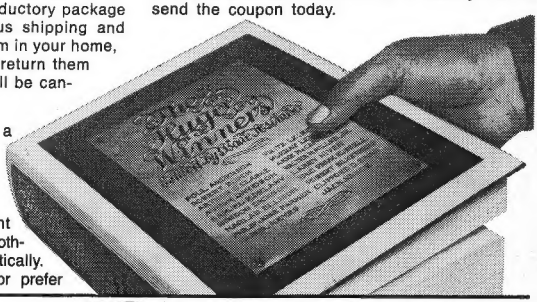
This fabulous 864-page anthology of speculative fiction sells for $15.45 in the original publisher's edition. It's yours, if you wish, as one of 4 books for just 10¢ (plus shipping and handling) when you join The Science Fiction Book Club.

Here's how the Club works:

When your application for membership is accepted, you'll receive your introductory package of four books for just 10¢ (plus shipping and handling). You may examine them in your home, and if not completely satisfied, return them within ten days—membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. If you want both Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, or prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided, and return it to us by the date specified. We allow you at least ten days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond within 10 days, and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense.

As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign any time thereafter, or remain a member as long as you wish. At least one of the two Selections each month is only $2.49. Other Selections are slightly higher but always much less than Publishers' Editions. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money. But do send the coupon today.



ANY 4 SCIENCE FICTION BEST SELLERS FOR JUST 10¢ with membership

0075 **The Chronicles of Amber.** By Roger Zelazny. At last – the Amber series is complete! Two glorious volumes contain: **Nine Princes in Amber; The Guns of Avalon; Sign of the Unicorn; The Hand of Oberon; The Courts of Chaos.** Comb. pub. ed. $30.30

1040 **The Avatar.** By Poul Anderson. Daring men and women brave the unknown potentials of an alien transport machine – and discover more than expected! Pub. ed. $10.95

4523 **Stardance.** By Spider and Jeanne Robinson. A dancer's art opens the way to communication with aliens. Pub. ed. $8.95

2543 **The Dragonriders of Pern.** By Anne McCaffrey. A mammoth volume containing all three novels: **Dragonflight, Dragonquest** and **The White Dragon.** Comb. pub. ed. $26.85

4697 **The Fountains of Paradise.** By Arthur C. Clarke. Important new novel by one of the superstars of science fiction. Pub. ed. $10.00

5207. **Titan.** By John Varley. When a ship is snatched from space, the crew finds itself in an alien world – *inside* another space ship. **Explicit sexual content may be offensive to some.** Pub. ed. $9.95.

4721 **Brother to Demons, Brother to Gods.** By Jack Williamson. Humans may become extinct — supplanted by races they created themselves! Pub. ed. $10.00

8532 **The Hugo Winners, Vol. I & II.** Giant 2-in-1 volume of 23 award-winning stories, 1955 to 1970. Asimov introduces each. Pub. ed. $15.45

7831 **Galactic Empires.** Brian Aldiss, ed. Two-volume anthology of 26 stories by famous authors Clarke, Asimov and others covers the Rise and Fall of Galactic Empires. Comb. pub. ed. $17.90

6221 **The Foundation Trilogy.** By Isaac Asimov. The ends of the galaxy revert to barbarism. An SF classic. Comb. pub. ed. $20.85

4945 **Leviathan's Deep.** By Jayge Carr. When another race tries to use a Terran in their power play, the Terrans take a hand in the game. **Explicit sexual content may be offensive to some.** Pub. ed. $8.95.

4754 **The Book of Morgaine,** By C.J. Cherryh. Exciting 3-in-1 volume contains **Gate of Ivrel, Well of Shiuan,** and **Fires of Azeroth.** Special edition.

Science Fiction Book Club

Dept. XR120, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 4 books whose numbers I have indicated below, and bill me just 10¢ (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices during the coming year and may resign any time thereafter. SFBC books are selections for mature readers.

Mr.
Ms. _____
Please print

Address _____ Apt. ____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

Order not valid without signature. If under 18, parent must sign.

The Science Fiction Book Club offers its own complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

51-S131

August 1979 HEAVY METAL Vol. III, No. 4

CONTENTS

Time Out: Opus ∞, by **Val Mayerik,** 6
The Great Trap, Part IV, by **Denis Sire,** 15
Free Ways, by **Lee Marrs,** 25
Shelter, by **Chantal Montellier,** 33
Starcrown, by **John Pocsik et al.,** 38
Galactic Geographic, by **Karl Kofoed,** 48
The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius,** 51
Rochberny, by **Rochberny,** 53
Zooks, by **Vaughn Bodé,** 54
Dragonworld, by **Byron Preiss** and **J. Michael Reaves,** illustrated by **Joseph Zucker,** 56
A Space Story, by **Peter A. Kuper,** 62
New Ark City, by **Caza,** 65
The Mess of Fated Mess, by **Kenneth Smith,** 73
The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner,** 75
Caries, by **Margerin,** 76
Illostratos, by **Todd Klein,** 80
Sympathy for the Devil, by **Mick Jagger** and **Keith Richards;** conceived by **Jim Waley;** illustrated by **Gene Day,** 81
Mama's Place, by **Arthur Suydam,** 89
Amber II, by **Jim Starlin,** 93
. . . Twenty-nine . . . 4
Chain Mail, 24
Front cover, Tan, Don't Burn, by **Mantxo Algora**
Back cover, Buz, by **Martin Springett**

Simultaneously published in the U.S. (ISSN 0164-7547) and Canada (ISSN 0713-1259). Copyright © 1979 by Heavy Metal Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher is prohibited. The characters and stories appearing in this publication are entirely fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: $15.00 for 12 issues in the U.S. and its possessions; $18.00 for 12 issues in Canada; $30.00 for 12 issues elsewhere. Single issue: $1.50. Subscription orders, inquiries and changes of address should be sent to Heavy Metal, P.O. Box 1414, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10159. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue. Please include address label from a recent issue. Postmaster: Send address changes to Heavy Metal, P.O. Box 1414, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10159. Publication office: 300 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010. Telephone: (212) 777-0930. Heavy Metal Magazine, Inc., a subsidiary of Metal Mammoth, Inc. All rights to all materials published herein are reserved by Heavy Metal Magazine, Inc. or its contributors. Heavy Metal Magazine, Inc. All rights to all materials published herein are reserved by Heavy Metal Magazine, Inc. or its contributors. Printed in the U.S.A.

Illustration by **Peter Goodfellow**

Editors: **Sean Kelly, Valerie Marchant**
Managing Editor: **Julie Simmons**
Design Director: **Peter Kleinman**
Art Director: **John Workman**
Art Assistant: **Bill Workman**
Copy Editor: **Sheila Feldman**
Editorial Associate: **Susan Zimmer**

Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.**
Assistant Production Manager: **Mark Gill**
Advertising Manager: **Ronald C. Deutsch**
Circulation Director: **George Agoglia, Sr.**
Public Relations and Promotion: **Eric Rolfe Greenberg**
Foreign Rights Manager: **Diana K. Bletter**
Publisher: **Leonard Mogel**

JOB DOUBLE-WIDTH
Fine white, pure gummed **JOB** cigarette paper. The generous paper for those who formerly glued two papers together.

JOB 1.5™ MIDDLE-WIDTH
Popular **JOB** 1.5™ cigarette paper cut a bit smaller than a double-wide for less waste and bulk. The perfect size.

JOB 1.25™ PRECISION-WIDTH™
The precise amount of paper for the seasoned roller, cut bigger than a single-wide, yet smaller than **JOB** 1.5™.

JOB SINGLE-WIDTH
Traditional single-width in a Classic **JOB** White/Gold Softpack or **JOB** Cutcorners easy-roll notched corners.

TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler* sent post-paid directly to you.

Complete and mail coupon with payment. Quickest delivery with money-order, cashier's or certified check (un-certified checks must clear bank prior to shipping; no stamps or coins, please; sorry no C.O.D.'s). Offers limited; void where prohibited. Limit one sampler or box per family, please. Act today!

*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB** 1.25™, two packs **JOB** 1.5™, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

Please send the following item. **I am over 21 years of age.**

- ☐ **JOB** Double-width cigarette papers 24-pack . . . . **$9.60** $_____
- ☐ **JOB** 1.5™ Middle-width cigarette papers 24-pack . . . . **$9.60** $_____
- ☐ **JOB** 1.25™ Precision-width™ cigarette papers 24-pack . . . . **$9.60** $_____
- ☐ **JOB** Single-width 55s Classic White 24-pack . . . . . **$7.20** $_____
- ☐ **JOB** Single-width Cutcorners 25-pack . . . . . **$7.50** $_____
- ☐ **JOB** Favorite Hits 4-pack cigarette paper sampler . . . . . **$1.00** $_____

TOTAL (Check enclosed) Includes postage & handling. $_____

SEND TO: **PAPERS**
Adams Apple Dist. Co.
5100 N. Ravenswood
Chicago, IL 60640

MS/MRS/MR

Address

City/State/Zip

Illinois residents add 5% sales tax. Allow three to four weeks delivery.

HMT-7908

CIGARETTE JOB PAPERS

Brought to you from France by Adams Apple™ DISTRIBUTING COMPANY CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60640 USA

...Twenty-nine...

And so we bid farewell to Morris White, the stuffed shirt from outer space, with the final chapter of "Diabolical Planet" herein. And adieu, as well, to the cast and crew of *Starcrown*, the illustrated novel we have been serializing, now about to appear in book form from Ariel Books.

"Galactic Geographic" is back, and we refill our rock 'n' roll prescription with "Sympathy for the Devil," a piece that comes to us out of Toronto, Canada, where Rolling Stones are a splinter political party.

You might like to know what's coming up in future issues, so you can start putting money aside. In October we will unleash our all-Lovecraft edition, which we are editing only on dark, rainy nights. November, as things are shaping up, looks like an Ancient Astronauts number.

There's an "End of the World" issue planned for early '80—and it's hard to plan for after the end of the world.

Our French friends, forgetful of how helpful we were to them on June 6 some years ago, have not sent us the final chapter of Macedo's "Telefield," for which you are doubtless holding your collective breath. If it ain't here next month, we'll describe what happens, and spoil it for everyone. That'll show them.

We call your attention to the Cazu "New Ark" story in this issue. Editors here think it should be animated as part of a projected *HM* movie. Publishers aren't sure. What do you think? Maybe we can outvote 'em.....

—S.K.

Plugola... *Dragonworld*, by Byron Preiss and J. Michael Reaves (excerpted in the pages that follow) is a Bantam trade paperback that will be out this fall. A signed, limited hardcover edition of 1,000 copies, with a hand-tipped bookplate, is available for $19.95 (plus 95 cents postage) from Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Illustration by Peter Tybus

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agoglia**
Vice-President, Finance **Charles Schneider**
Vice-President, Creative Projects **Sean Kelly**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard B. Barthelmes**
Controller **Esther Barrett**

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. Copyright © 1979 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Manager, Ronald C. Deutsch, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. West Coast: Lowell Fox and Associates, 16200 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Cal. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

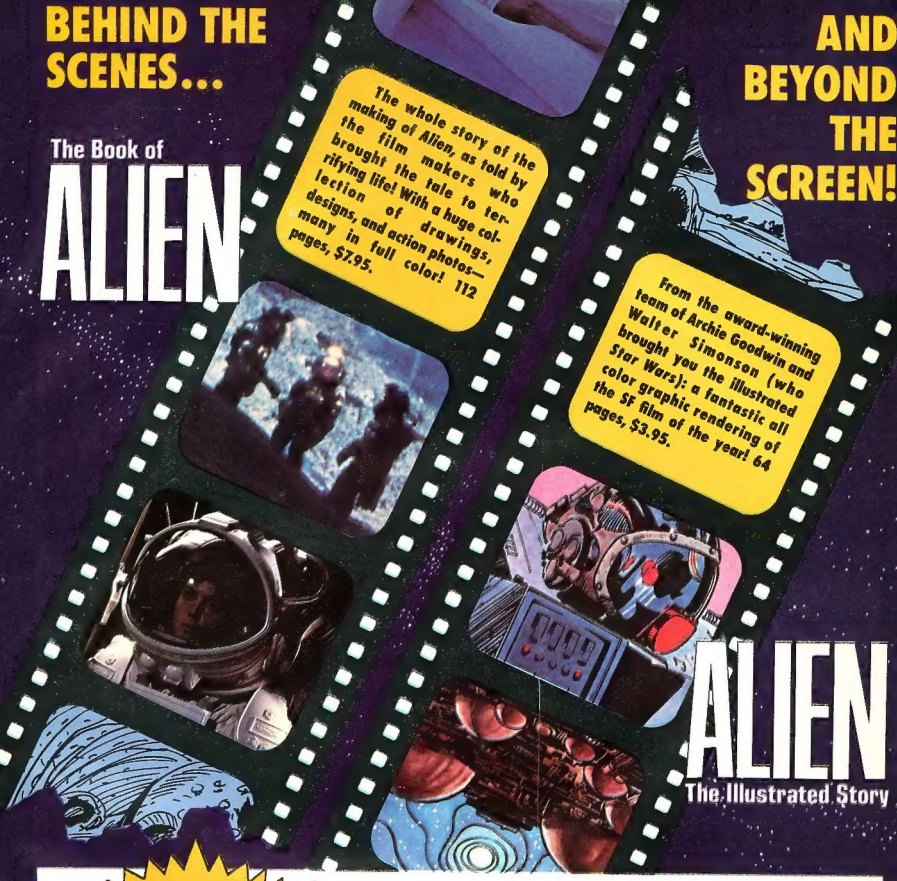
BEHIND THE SCENES...

The Book of ALIEN

The whole story of the making of *Alien*, as told by the film makers who brought the tale to terrifying life! With a huge collection of drawings, designs, and action photos—many in full color! 112 pages, $7.95.

AND BEYOND THE SCREEN!

From the award-winning team of Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson (who brought you the illustrated *Star Wars*): a fantastic all color graphic rendering of the SF film of the year! 64 pages, $3.95.



ALIEN

The Illustrated Story

ALIEN

Brought to the screen by Twentieth Century-Fox. Brought to bookstores everywhere by *Heavy Metal* Books

Nationwide Premiere May 25, 1979

Heavy Metal Books
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

DEPT. 879

Please send____copies of *The Book of Alien* at $7.95 per copy. (Add $1 per order for postage and handling.)
I enclose $_____ for *The Book of Alien.*

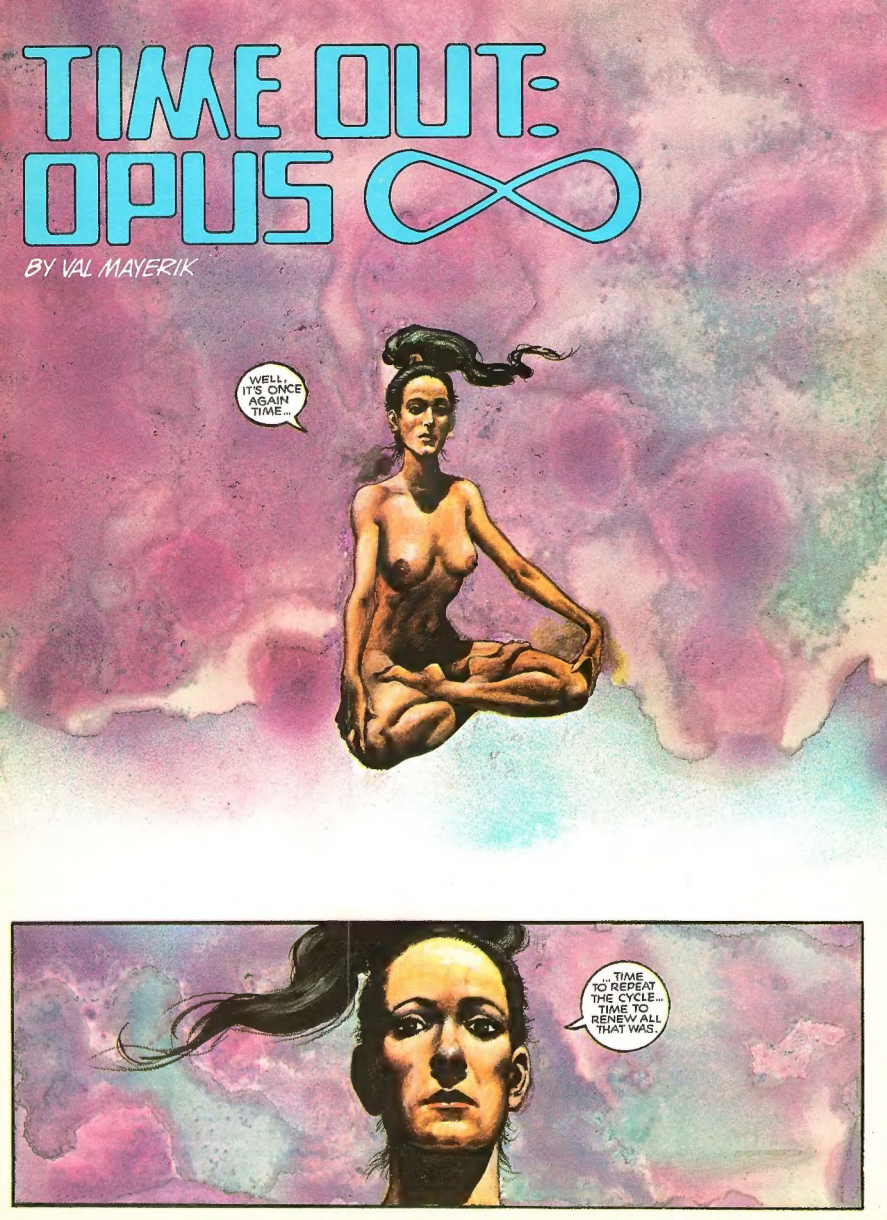
Please send ____copies of *Alien: The Illustrated Story* at $3.95 per copy. (Add 75¢ per order for postage and handling.)
I enclose $_____ for *Alien: The Illustrated Story.*

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

(New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.)
If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

TIME OUT: OPUS ∞

BY VAL MAYERIK



THIS TIME OF RECREATION IS ALWAYS A JOYOUS TIME FOR ME. BUT, I CANNOT DO IT ALONE.
I NEED LEFCAUTIO, AND THIS TIME IS NEVER JOYOUS FOR HIM. AS COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE, I MUST ASK HIS HELP...
... AND AS COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE, HE WILL REFUSE ME...
... AND AS COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE, I WILL HAVE TO CONVINCE HIM.

LEFCAUTIO, WAKE UP. IT'S TIME... WE HAVE WORK TO DO.
you h... huh... whu th' fu...
WHAT'S GOIN' ON... WHO'S ZERE?
IT IS I, EVADNIE. IT IS TIME.
TIME MY ASS! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME BACK HERE GOD-DAMNIT! I'M THROUGH WITH THIS WHOLE SHITTIN' MESS. IT'S NOT WORTH IT. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? NOW GET LOST!
WE GO THROUGH THIS EVERY TIME, LEFCAUTIO. IF YOU COULD JUST TRY TO UNDER-STAND...
UNDERSTAND MY ASS! WHY KEEP ON RECREATING THE UNIVERSE ANYHOW? I LIKE OBLIVION, I LIKE ENTROPY. THEY RELAX ME. I'M JUST NOT INTO IT ANYMORE. NOW GO AWAY!
THERE'S MORE INVOLVED THAN YOU BEING "INTO IT" LEFCAUTIO, AND YOU KNOW THAT. THIS DECISION HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE FOR US. WE HAVE NO CHOICE.

THERE IS ALWAYS *THAT*. ISN'T THERE. *SHIT!!* NO MORE GRAND ALTERNATIVES. AS NIETZCHE SAID, "*EVERY MAN IS A PRISONER OF HIS OWN LENGTH, BREADTH, AND DEPTH OF CONSCIOUSNESS.*" BUT WHY IS IT ALWAYS WE WHO HAVE TO BUST OUR ASSES? WHY CAN'T THEY JUST LET SPACE RE NEGOTIATE ITSELF ON A SUB-ATOMIC LEVEL.
... I MEAN, HEGEL SAID THAT IN BECOMING AND BEING, NONBEING WILL POSIT ITSELF.
PLEASE! CUT THE SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHICAL SHIT. WE SHOULD BE GETTING STARTED.
AH, ME. ALL THESE TRAGIC INTERRUPTIONS IN THE GRIM JOURNEY FROM ONE PIT TO ANOTHER.
COME TO ME. MY STRINGED LOVELY. WHOSE GENIUS SHALL WE EXTOLE THIS TIME? BARTOK, VIVALDI, SHOSTAKOVICH?
I MUST TUNE.. IF YOU DON'T MIND.
TAKE YOUR TIME. I'LL JUST WARM UP.
READY WHEN YOU ARE.
GOOD. SHALL WE BEGIN?

WELL, IT'S DONE. I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED.
YOU KNOW FULL WELL THAT IT'S MORE THAN YOU OR I BEING SATISFIED.
I JUST HOPE THAT IT ALL HOLDS TOGETHER THIS TIME.
NOTHING IS PERFECT, LEFCAUTIO. I'M SURE WE'LL FIND OURSELVES BACK TOGETHER BEFORE TOO LONG.
WELL, REMEMBER THIS, EVADNIE. THE NEXT TIME YOU BOTHER MY ASS ABOUT THIS SHIT...
... I JUST MIGHT NOT BE SO DAMN COOPERATIVE.
THE END

Let Us Transport You...

...to times past and future, to places distant and diverse. A galaxy of luminous illustration and limitless imagination is yours, month after month, in *Heavy Metal*, the world's most widely read adult science fiction and fantasy magazine. A subscription offers substantial savings over newsstand prices, and guarantees that you won't miss an issue.

Heavy Metal
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine.

Heavy Metal—635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 HM 879

Yes, I want to be a subscriber to Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine. I realize that this subscription entitles me to deduct $8.00 from the subscription prices listed below.

☐ I have enclosed my check or money order.

☐ Charge to my Master Charge # _____

BankAmericard # _____

Bank # _____ Expiration Date _____ month _____ year

Signature _____

☐ One year (12 issues) ..... $16.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $10.00
☐ Two years (24 issues) ..... $26.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $18.00
☐ Three years (36 issues) ..... $33.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $25.00

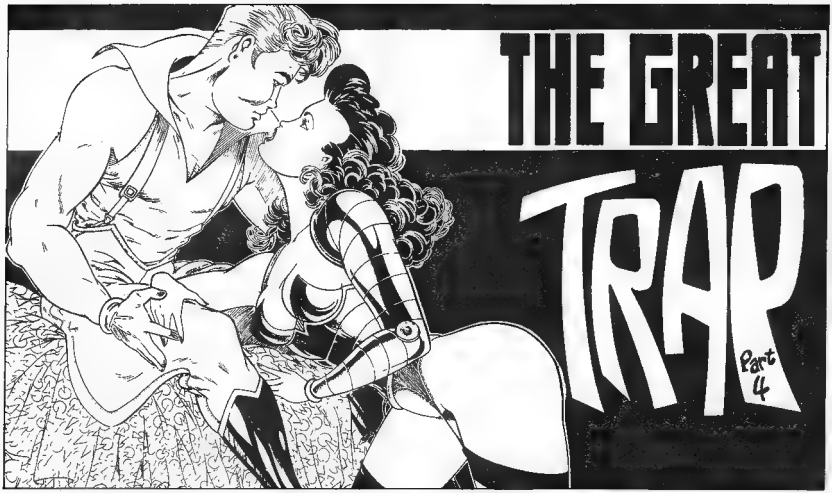
Send my subscription to:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

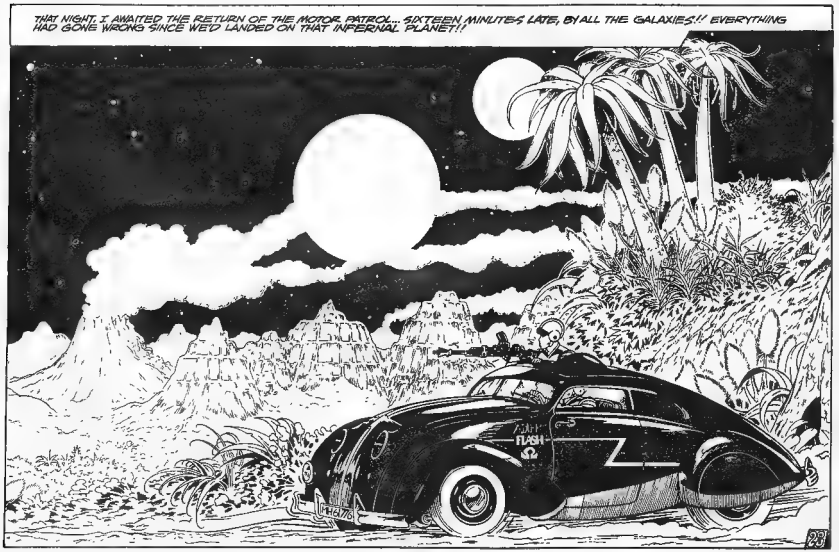
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

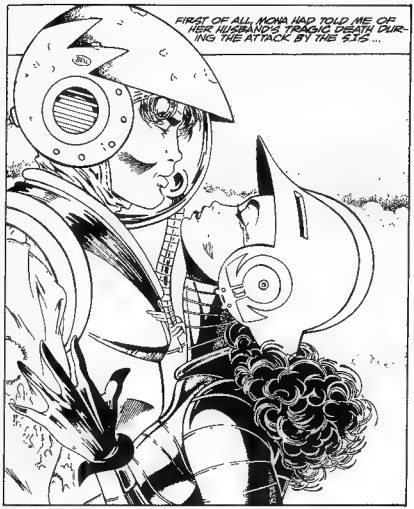
All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada. For each year, add $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

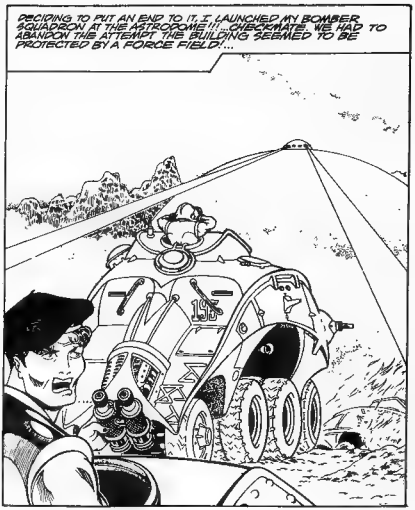


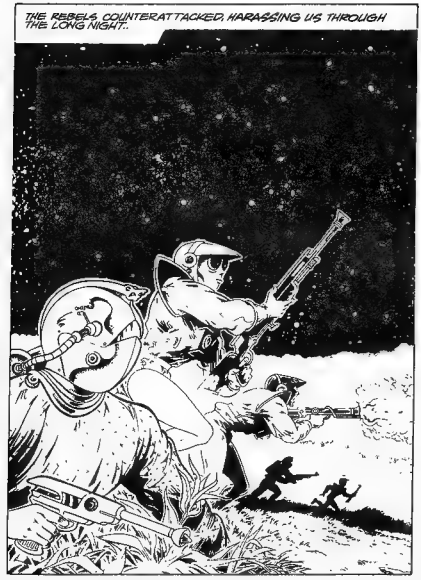
THE SPACE ADVENTURES OF MORRIS WHITE...

DENIS SIRE


THAT NIGHT, I AWAITED THE RETURN OF THE MOTOR PATROL... SIXTEEN MINUTES LATE, BY ALL THE GALAXIES!! EVERYTHING HAD GONE WRONG SINCE WE'D LANDED ON THAT INFERNAL PLANET!!
FLASH


FIRST OF ALL, MONA HAD TOLD ME OF HER HUSBAND'S TRAGIC DEATH DURING THE ATTACK BY THE S.I.S ...


DECIDING TO PUT AN END TO IT, I, I LAUNCHED MY BOMBER AQUADRON AT THE ASTROFORME !!! CHECKMATE. WE HAD TO ABANDON THE ATTEMPT THE BUILDING SEEMED TO BE PROTECTED BY A FORCE FIELD!...


THE REBELS COUNTERATTACKED, HARASSING US THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT..

..AT DAWN, OUR SENTRIES WERE SAVAGELY ASSAULTED...

THEN, MY MARINES FELL INTO A GHASTLY AMBUSH. IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH.
MY IMAGE. MY VISION OF THOSE BRAVE LADS, FALLEN ON THE FIELD OF HONOR, FAR FROM HOME, HAUNTED ME. AND I WAS RESPONSIBLE. THIS KILLING MUST STOP! AS COMMANDER, I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO STOP IT!
BUT, WAIT! GO ON RETELLING THESE HORRIBLE, OLD STORIES, AND THE REBELS ARE BOUND TO GIVE UP IN THE END. LISTEN, MORRIS, TIME IS ON OUR SIDE.
IN THAT CASE, WHY DON'T WE JUST SURRENDER TO THE TRAITORS, HUH?
WHITE
BSCHM!
25

A LITTLE LATER, CAPTAIN WHITE PREPARES TO RETURN TO HIS TROOPS
WAIT FOR ME, MONA. I WON'T BE LONG!
THE HELL YOU WON'T!!!
ALRIGHT, YOU GUYS, IS THIS WHY YOU'RE LATE?!
YEAH, HE'S A FUGITIVE FROM THE ASTRODOME INSISTS ON SPEAKING TO YOU!
WHITE
I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN, NOT A VERY PRETTY SIGHT, AM I? BUT I SHOULD TELL YOU THAT THE DEATH RAY DID THIS TO ME WHILE I WAS TRYING TO RESCUE YOUR FIANCÉE, VIOLETTA. WELL, I'M BRINGING YOU INFORMATION ESSENTIAL TO THE DEFENSE OF THE ASTRODOME. I OWE THEM THIS!!!
CAPTAIN, I WAS A CREW MEMBER ON THE OX. THE I WAS CAPTURED BY THE REBELS, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS. DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
HMM SORT OF
*SEE OPERATION OMEGA
IT COULD BE A TRAP, BUT HE'S NOT FAKING THOSE SCARS. THEY'LL DO AS PROOF. NOW, I CAN GIVE STORCH MY ORDERS!!
WHITE
HANS, I'LL NEED AN HOUR TO EFFECT THE NEUTRALIZATION OF THE REBEL DEFENSES?! THEN YOU LET GO WITH YOUR NITRO-METHANE BOMBS. WHEN THEY BLOW THE ASTRODOME SKY HIGH, WE'LL BEGIN THE FINAL ASSAULT!!
O.K., CAPTAIN! I'LL PASS THE ORDERS ALONG!
BOOM!
35

SOON
NOW TO FINISH THESE RASCALS OFF, AND THE SOONER THE BETTER!!
OK LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
MORRIS CLIMBS THE SHEER FACE OF THE VOLCANO THAT FORMS ONE WALL OF THE ASTRODOME...
ARRIVING AT THE TOP
JUST ONE SENTRY!!! BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES... HE'S WITHIN RANGE CAREFUL, NOW..
ZZZZTTT!!
HIS BUDDIES WILL THINK HE'S BEEN ELECTRO-CUTED! NOW, HERE I GO!
AT LAST, MORRIS REACHES THE MAIN BUILDING
WAA OF RAYS!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CAMP.
HEY! HIC! I KNOW YOU! HIC! YOU WERE WITH THAT BASTARD VON HIC! RICTUS, HIS ASSISTANT! HIC! HIS WHORE, FOR GOD'S SAKE! WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! HIC! AFTER I TAKE OVER THIS PLANET!
OH MY GOD! I GET IT NOW!
27

AND SO MONA RACES TO WARN STORCH THAT CAPTAIN WHITE IS IN DANGER!
I DON'T HAVE THE TIME OR INCLINATION TO LISTEN TO THE RAVINGS OF SOME CRAZY DAME! GET OUTA HERE!
VERY WELL, MR STORCH! I'LL HANDLE THIS MYSELF!
MORRIS HESITATES...THEN, FLYING IN THE FACE OF DANGER, CLIMBS THROUGH THE WALL OF RAYS WITH AMAZING AGILITY...
OVERCOMES THE GUARDS..
IF THIS ROBOT STAYS ON TRACK, IT WILL LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO THE MAGIC STONE!
AND INDEED, THE ROBOT LEADS MORRIS TO THE CHAMBER OF THE TITAN STONE!!
LET'S HOPE THAT SCAR-FACED CHAP DISCONNECTED THE SECURITY SYSTEM!
AND MORRIS SEIZES THE TITAN STONE, PLUNGING THE CITY INTO DARKNESS...
COME TO POPPA!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
SUPER! THERE'S BILL AND ALDO!
22

WITH A TERRIFYING CRASH, THE BOMBS EXPLODE!!
WHILE CAPTAIN WHITE DASHES AWAY FROM THE CENTRAL BUILDING WITH HIS PRECIOUS PLUNDER.
GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! NOW TO GET BACK TO MY TROOPS!
NOW THAT THE FORCE FIELD HAS BEEN NEUTRALIZED THROUGH THE VALIANT EFFORTS OF THEIR CAPTAIN, THE CREW OF THE DUKE HAS NO PROBLEM GETTING THROUGH TO THE ASTRODOME!!!
I'VE GOT TO GET IN ON THE FINAL ASSAULT WITH MY COMMANDOS!
... SOMETHING BEHIND ME. MY SENSES NEVER LIE!!
MORRIS TURNS SWIFTLY!!
RELEASE NOW, YOU LOUT, AND DROP YOUR WEAPON. IT'S ALL OVER... MY SOLDIERS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!!!
LET'S JUST TALK ABOUT THE TITAN STONE, SHALL WE?
KINDLY SHUT YOUR FACE, OR I'LL SHUT IT FOR YOU!!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, MORRIS! THEY WANT TO KILL YOU!!

I TRIED TO GET TO YOU IN TIME BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE YET! I CAN STILL SAVE YOU!
OBEYING ONLY HER HEART, MONA TEARS HERSELF OUT OF THE TRAITOR'S GRASP. MORRIS KNOCKS THE ROBOT ASIDE, BUT...
MORRIS, HELP ME!
I WARNED YOU, LADY!
THE CAPTAIN'S PISTOL FIRES A FINAL, FATAL SHOT AT THE TRAITOR!
MONA! THAT DOG SHOT HER DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
OH, NO!
MORRIS TRIES TO REVIVE THE YOUNG WOMAN, BUT TO NO AVAIL...
WHAT COURAGE SHE HAD... A BRAVE GIRL TO THE VERY END! BY THE ROCKETS' RED GLARE! IS THAT OUR FLAG I SEE?
INDEED IT IS, WAVING FROM THE RAMPARTS OF THE CENTRAL BUILDING! THE EARTHLINGS HAVE LIBERATED THE PLANET FROM THE TOTALITARIAN YOKE OF THE MYSTERIOUS COMMANDER!
THE WARRIORS REGROUP OUTSIDE THE BUILDING. STORCH IS ALREADY THERE. SUDDENLY, A SOLDIER CRIES OUT!
LOOK! OUR CAPTAIN! HURRAH!

THIS VICTORY BELONGS TO YOU, MY BRAVE LADS. CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT OWES YOU A DEBT OF THANKS!
CAPTAIN, COME SEE WHAT WE'VE FOUND... THE COMMANDER'S CORPSE!

DOC ALIPTUS!! HELL! SO IT WAS HE! LOOKS LIKE HE WAS [illegible] AFTER ALL. AND WHAT ABOUT VIOLETTA?!
I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW, WHITE, TO SAVOR YOUR VICTORY TO THE FULL.

MOMENTS LATER...
MORRIS! THANK GOD, YOU'RE SAFE AND SOUND! WE HAD SUCH A HARD TIME FINDING YOU!
IT'S TRUE WE JUST GOT IN FROM MERCURY!
HMM

YOU'RE RIGHT FROM NOW ON, I'M THINKING ABOUT NOTHING BUT YOU, HONEY!
OH, MORRIS, YOU SILLY BILLY! YOU'RE MAKING ME BLUSH!
THE END-

BUT, YOU'RE ALL BETTER, DARLING! AM I DREAMING? WHAT ABOUT DOC ALIPTUS?
HE WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF THE COLONEL'S... LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT IT NOW... IT'S ALL OVER!

CHAIN MAIL

In Clyde Caldwell's Centaur's Idol (back cover, May 1979), the centaur has the arrow resting on the wrong side of the bow: holding the bowstring wrong—should be three fingers, end of joints—for efficient release, and carrying the quiver wrong for a left-handed archer. Also: female figure is cribbed from a most ancient *Playboy*, republished in recent hardcover on pin-ups from days of Victoria to uninhibited seventies (or so we like to believe) Otherwise, color is gross and execution reminiscent of little old ladies in tennis shoes who paint log cabins, snowcapped mountains, and babbling brooks. Considering the confused nature of the entire composition, one is obliged to question its use by *HM*.

The question is: Why Gray Morrow's fondness for replicating the style of newspaper supplements? It is rumored that he is some kind of artist, but why does his work so resemble rough sketches? Granted, he demonstrates draftsmanship, but his finished work appears perfunctory. Those gawdy pages are just too tacky—overcrowded with competing script, color, and figures—to rank as good art. And the story line ("Orion" included) reeks of B movies.

So much for comment on this issue. It was not the best. But considering the alternatives, it was still head and shoulders...'til next time – if there is, I remain,

Anonymously yours,
Dangbert Whiddlspoon Dangendoorf III,
Portland, Oregon

Dear Dangbert:

Or may we call you Dang? My goodness, aren't we in a snit? "Tacky" is an adjective usually applied to polyester leisure suits, painted turtles, and people who sign irreverent criticisms anonymously.—The Eds.

Mes ami(e)s:

I don't wish to complain, but I have a couple of points that I think you should consider....I feel that I've been betrayed—I had always considered *Heavy Metal* to be a fantasy art magazine, not a science fiction publication. However, over the last three or four months I have noticed less art and more endless variations on the *Star Wars* theme. In other words, your magazine is turning to vomit....Originality has all but disappeared....Would you please stop this shit and bring back the real artists? C'mon, do it for me and I'll send you a Darth Vader doll to play with.

Bob Vega
New Orleans, Louisiana

Mon ami:

What magazine have you been reading? You've no doubt been vacationing in another galaxy far, far away. Heavy Metal *has more original art now than ever before! Forget the Darth Vader doll—show us your Wookie and we'll show you ours.—The Eds.*

Dear *Heavy Metal:*

...I'd like to say that your magazine seems to be developing a fresh character all its own recently (April and May issues), and the evolution looks very healthy. I'm becoming ever curious as to where the editorial inclinations lie. It's good to see the changes and the seemingly experimental approach — to my mind, the sign of a positive attitude to publishing.

Best wishes,
Mal Burns
London

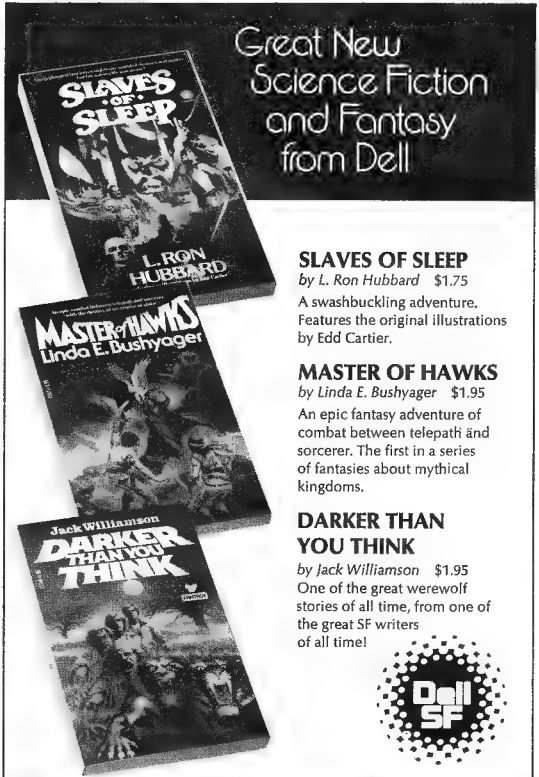
Dear *Heavy Metal:*

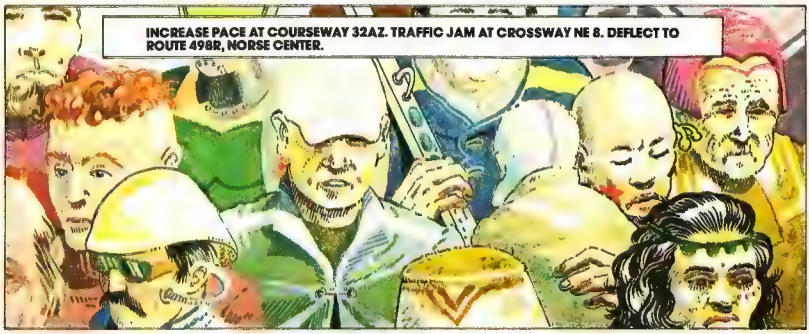
...Your magazine is the greatest publication I've had the opportunity to read in quite some time (THC and *Heavy Metal* are bred of the same magic). Generally speaking, the artwork and subject matter are fucking excellent...,

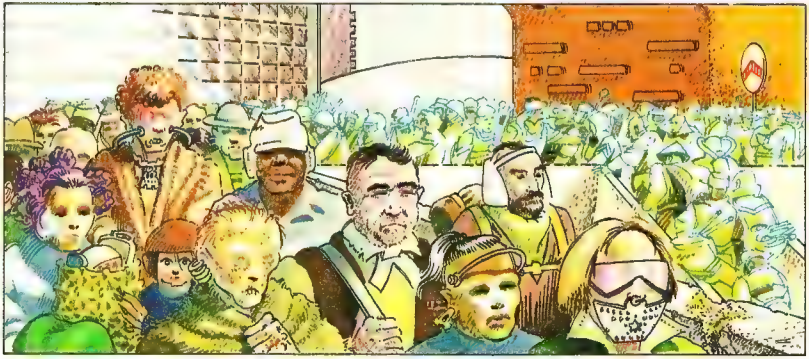
Chuck Clawson
Pullman, Washington

Dear Chuck:

Our artwork and subject matter have nothing to do with fucking. Fucking is a different art form altogether.—The Eds.


Great New Science Fiction and Fantasy from Dell
SLAVES OF SLEEP
L. RON HUBBARD
MASTER of HAWKS
Linda E. Bushyager
Jack Williamson
DARKER THAN YOU THINK
SLAVES OF SLEEP
by L. Ron Hubbard $1.75
A swashbuckling adventure. Features the original illustrations by Edd Cartier.
MASTER OF HAWKS
by Linda E. Bushyager $1.95
An epic fantasy adventure of combat between telepath and sorcerer. The first in a series of fantasies about mythical kingdoms.
DARKER THAN YOU THINK
by Jack Williamson $1.95
One of the great werewolf stories of all time, from one of the great SF writers of all time!
Dell SF
Dell Publishing Co., Inc. • 1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza • New York, N.Y. 10017

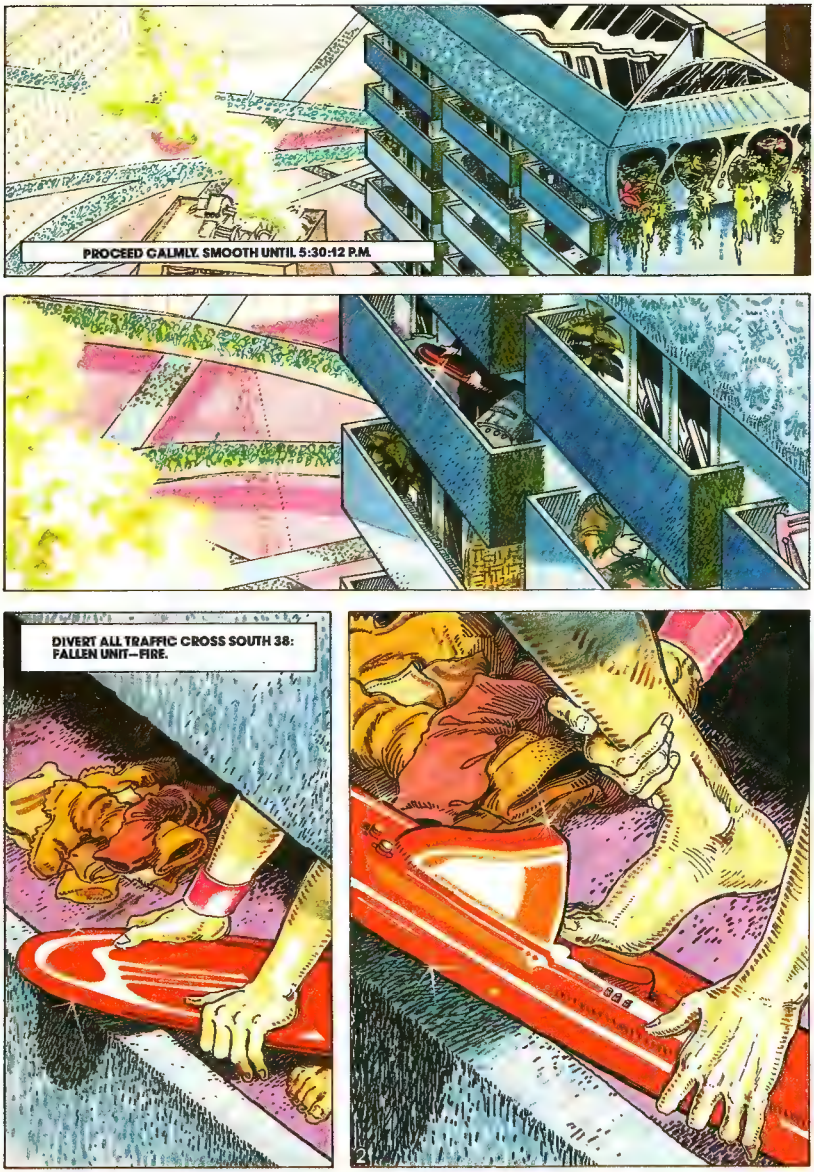




free ways

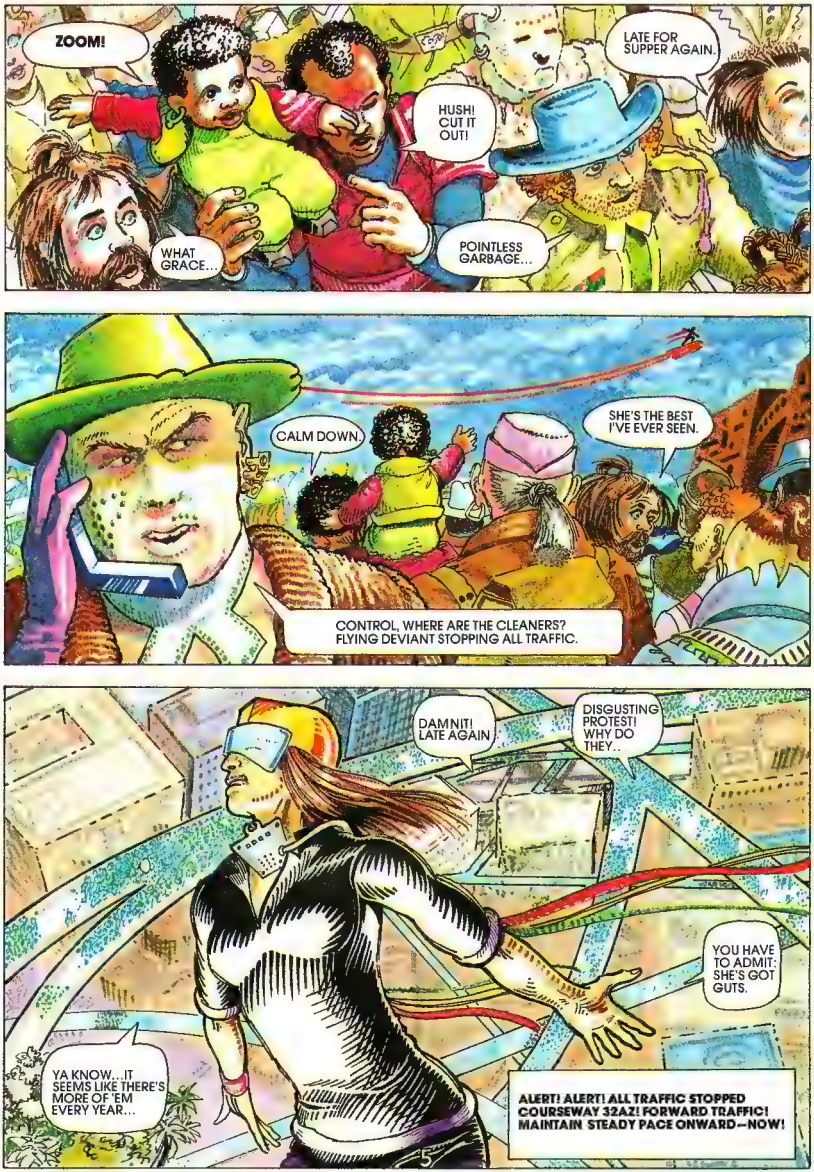
©1979 BY LEE MARRS

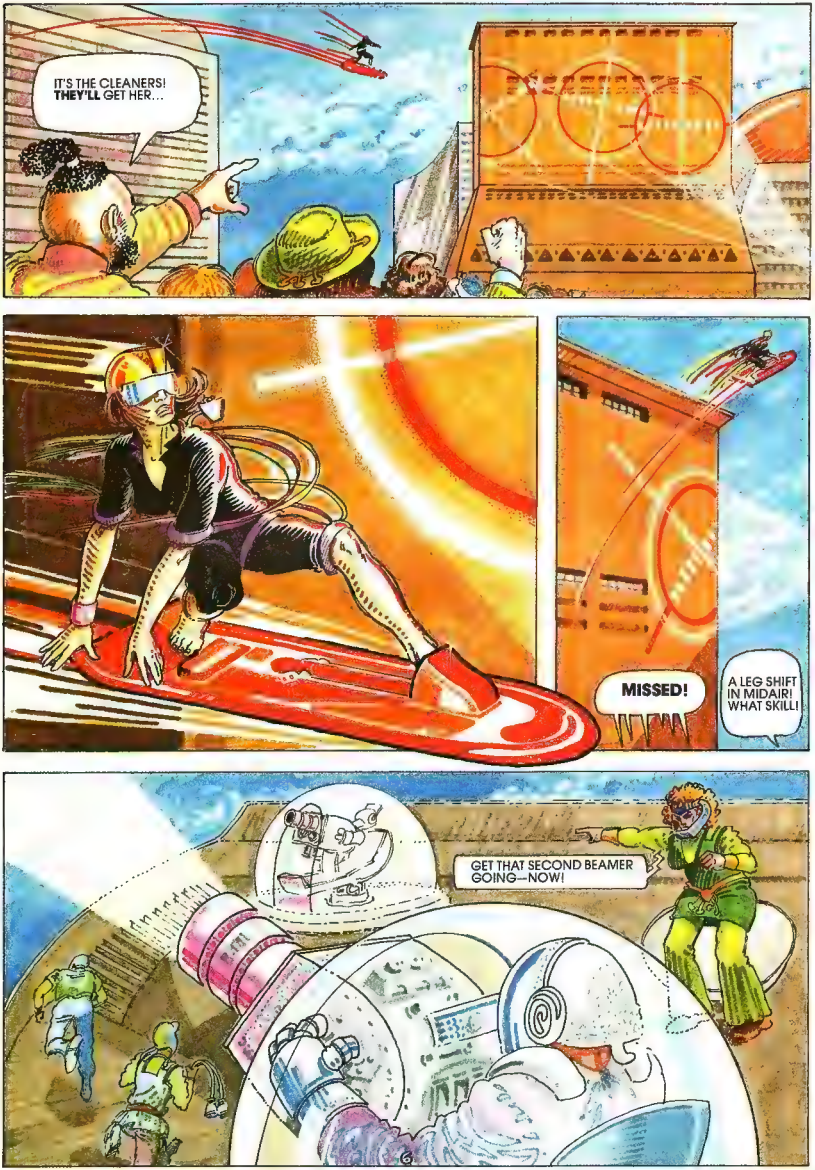
A STAR*REACH PRODUCTION

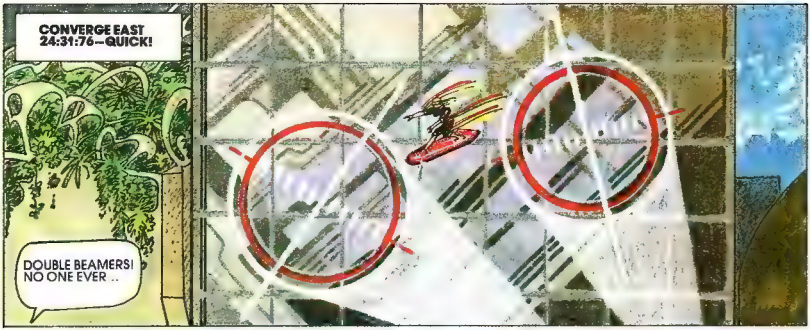

PROCEED CALMLY. SMOOTH UNTIL 5:30:12 P.M.
DIVERT ALL TRAFFIC CROSS SOUTH 38:
FALLEN UNIT—FIRE.

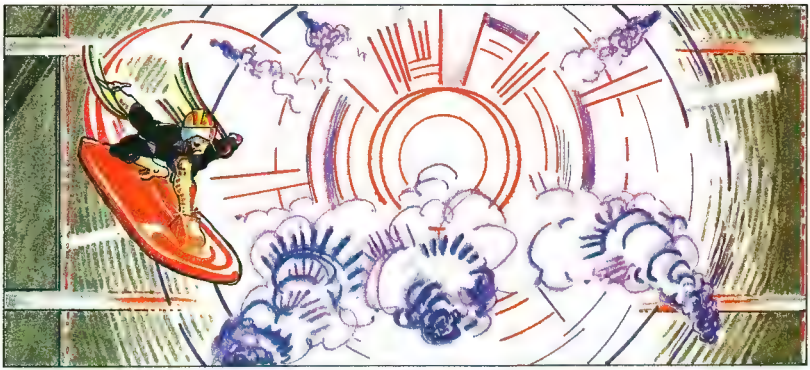
AAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!
OH! A FLYER!
BEAUTIFUL.
TRAFFIC SLOWING COURSEWAY 32AZ. PLEASE PROCEED...

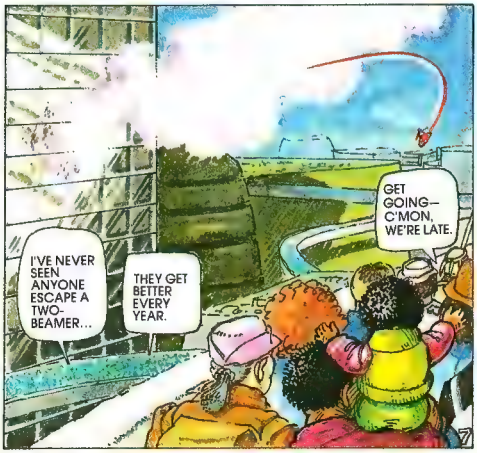
WATCH OUT!
BLASTED INTERFERING PERVERTS!
TRAFFIC STOPPED. PLEASE DIVERT TO WEST 522C.
NO!
LOOK, CITIZEN, WHAT IS THIS? ARE YOU A REVOLUTIONARY?!!
MOVE ALONG, COURSEWAY 32AZ. STEADY PACE ONWARD. MOVE, 32AZ...
4


ZOOM!
LATE FOR SUPPER AGAIN.
HUSH! CUT IT OUT!
WHAT GRACE...
POINTLESS GARBAGE...
CALM DOWN.
SHE'S THE BEST I'VE EVER SEEN.
CONTROL, WHERE ARE THE CLEANERS? FLYING DEVIANT STOPPING ALL TRAFFIC.
DAMNIT! LATE AGAIN
DISGUSTING PROTEST! WHY DO THEY..
YOU HAVE TO ADMIT: SHE'S GOT GUTS.
YA KNOW...IT SEEMS LIKE THERE'S MORE OF 'EM EVERY YEAR...
ALERT! ALERT! ALL TRAFFIC STOPPED COURSEWAY 32A2! FORWARD TRAFFIC! MAINTAIN STEADY PACE ONWARD—NOW!


IT'S THE CLEANERS! THEY'LL GET HER...
MISSED!
A LEG SHIFT IN MIDAIR! WHAT SKILL!
GET THAT SECOND BEAMER GOING—NOW!


CONVERGE EAST 24:31:76--QUICK!
DOUBLE BEAMERS! NO ONE EVER ..




I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE ESCAPE A TWO-BEAMER...
THEY GET BETTER EVERY YEAR.
GET GOING-- C'MON, WE'RE LATE.

FLY SKY, WHEEEE!
HUSH, IT'S ALL OVER.
CONTROL TO BORDER: FLYING DEVIANT REACHING OUTER RIM. ACTIVATE LONG-RANGE SCAN. CONTACT DAMAGED TOWER.

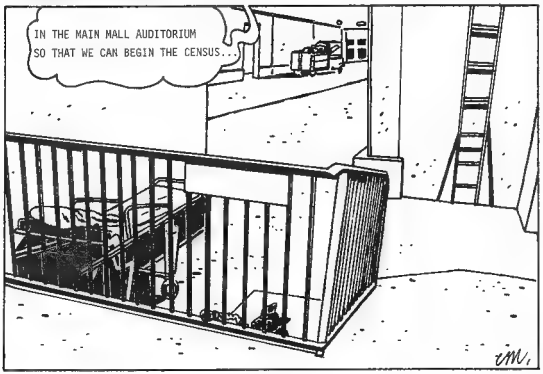
ZOOM, LADY, ZOOM!
SHUT THAT KID UP, YOU!
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ONE MORE WORD FROM YOU!
MISSED MY SUPPER...
JUST FORGET IT.
PROCEED SMOOTHLY. PACE FORWARD NOW. ALL TRAFFIC FORWARD, PLEASE.
ZOOM, ZOOM, ZOOM!
SPECIALS ON FOODSTUFFS AT RIPPER CENTER—TONIGHT THROUGH FRIDAY, 5-9 P.M. SALES AT LAMPREY MALL UNTIL 9 P.M. TONIGHT...
THE END

?
?!
?
WHIIIINNNNNNNEEEEE
?
?
?
?
!
!
6

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR MALL DIRECTOR SPEAKING!
THIS IS THE DIRECTOR OF THE MALL...I AM ADDRESSING ALL PERSONNEL EQUALLY...AND I AM ASKING EACH ONE OF YOU TO STAY CALM...
AHEM...THE WORST WE FEARED SEEMS TO HAVE... AAH...COME TO PASS: THE ENEMY HAS UTILIZED... NUCLEAR ARMS!
7

TIM
.. WE ASK THAT YOU DO NOT PANIC!... YOU ARE, WE ARE, ALL, QUITE SAFE HERE!...
...THE AUTOMATIC LOCKS ON THE BOMBPROOF DOORS ENGAGED AT 5:35...
DEFENDER
MACHINE GUN
SCORE
600
...WHICH INDICATES THAT THE LEVEL OF RADIOACTIVITY OUTSIDE IS RATHER HIGH. FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING...
...WE ARE ABLE TO GAUGE VERY LITTLE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING ON THE EXTERIOR...
...BUT OUR INSPECTION REVEALS THAT THE PILINGS WHICH SUPPORT THIS BUILDING ARE QUITE INTACT!
8

...WE CAN ONLY CONCLUDE WITH CERTAINTY THAT AN EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE OUTSIDE THE MALL...
...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE IN THE MOST PERFECTLY CONSTRUCTED ANTI-ATOMIC BUILDING IN THE WORLD, RIGHT HERE...
...YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR... THIS BUILDING WAS DESIGNED TO ACCOMMODATE 15,000 OCCUPANTS, FUNCTIONING AUTONOMOUSLY, FOR ONE YEAR!...
AND, GIVEN THE LATE HOUR, OUR NUMBER MUST BE CONSIDERABLY LESS THAN THAT!
9



to be continued...

As the warbot lowered itself into the forward gun dome, Flan caught a muttered fragment: " – fought more wars than he could ever name in school. High and mighty – 'watch the rear!' Think he knew all about it – "

Firing key in his fist, Flan Sunheart waited for the images to line up against the target spikes. Still out of visual contact, the Grand Armada was an immense crescent whose tips were curving in to enfold the diamond Starbolt formation. The first enemy launch was nearing him, though lower, on the Starbolt plane. Flan issued the go-command. The light fighters began to split off from the diamond, crossing in front of each other as they fired a salvo of decoys. The targodrones would test enemy firepower and draw off most of its missiles; hopefully, some of the demoprobes might be able to pierce the Armada shielding before detonating, weakening the force fields enough for the Starbolts to slip through.

Movement on the screen!

More Armada ships were showing up, arcing up from Ilium's southern hemisphere – two additional crescents cutting across their path.

The *Omega Wing* shuddered as the first energy bolts deflected against its shield. A blaze of light beyond the port and the garbled yammer in his ears told him the targodrones had all detonated prematurely, their vibro-mechanisms unable to withstand the Armada's force zone. Bursts of nova brilliance lit up the space deeps, washing the Starbolts with sinister white light. Lines of multicolored incandescence were coming from every point of the star-compass, targetting in on the wildly weaving Starbolts. Plugged into manual, scanner pressed against his chin, eyes at the viewer, Flan cooly guided his ship between the deadly rays – at the same time triggering his own laser banks for extremely slow-pulse fire.

A flare of scarlet beneath him: the first Starbolt exploded in a shining of vaporized metal.

His skull was being ripped apart! He tore off the communicator. Corona was beaming audio-rage signals! A man's brain could be turned to jelly by those sounds – but not before he might turn his guns on his comrades, and himself.

◊ **three probes coming our way : : preset to home in on our transmission cycle : : : suggest we cease all inter-ship contact and blind in : : : i have also located lord corona's flagship : : a class a cruiser : : designate magna slag : : : it is the same one he utilized to blow up caeloran** ♦

At that moment,space was filled with howling missiles, vanes spread to catch the sunlight. More explosions marked the death-sites of brave, loyal fighters, men he never would know who were dying – for him!

It was apparent that the intelligence received had been grossly inaccurate, if not altogether false. Nekron Corona was mounting a max-kill attack – with no quarter to be given – against the outnumbered and outclassed Starbolts. There was no way the fighters could penetrate every Armada shield

COPYRIGHT © 1979 ARIEL INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

PART VI

Colored fire on the range scopes of the Omega Wing registers the enemy's presence. For Flan Sunheart, the crowned head of the Galactic Federation, those twinkling beads of light are reminders of the flaming towers of Ilium Prime, where his family perished.

The only survivor of the massacre of the Royal House of Sunheart, Flan is leading a contingent of starfighters against the vastly superior force of Lord Nekron Corona ....

By JOHN POCSIK

and destroy its ship. Reports grew more desperate, as first one and then another disappeared from the screens. For every Armada craft scored HIT or CRIPPLED, three Starbolts went plunging down into Ilium's yellowish haze.

Glancing to the rear, he saw bursts of fire which indicated that Commander Macronta's own flagship had come under attack and was slowing in its rearguard advance. There was no sign of the destroyers. Sunheart gritted his teeth: Mord's flyers were shelling the escape pods.

◊ **ware probes** ♦

Flan focused in, caught the infrared blur of a nose cone heading their way, and pressed the firing stud. The probe blew out of existence.

"Damage?" he asked tensely.

◊ **none : : : shall we back off** ♦

"Fix me on the *Magna Slag*. I'm going to make a run on the bastard's ship."

At once, the shape of Corona's flagship, bristling with guns, appeared, along with coordinates and a tridim diagrammatic of possible weak points. Flan studied the picture for ten seconds.

Primary target – the warhead lockers; secondary – the fission unit next to the generation chambers.

The warbot thrust its sensor dome through the floor hatch.

"Flan – the bridge, just aft of the tower: that's the worst spot on these Class A ships. Two penetrex bore shells should do the job, if they can be aimed and fired right. They ought to pass completely through the *Slag*'s shield with a minimum of circuit damage at this speed."

"Get ready then," Flan said grimly, feeling the rage build within him. He took the *Wing* higher, beyond the reach of the flyers, then began a steep descent back toward Corona's spaceship which bulked between him and the twin suns: a perfect target.

"Steady. Steady. PEW, take over. Hold her steady; don't mind anything else."

◊ **even if we get hit** ♦

"Especially if we get hit."

Blooms of light raced up and down the *Slag*'s length as her laser cannons began firing at the invader. Flan moved the stick a fraction, and the *Omega Wing* fell through space, weaving in and out of the tight beam paths. The ship began to vibrate slightly from the first effects of sonoplasmic force; their own shield sensors were climbing rapidly toward OVERLOAD. The stick jerked in the youth's damp grip. Angrily, he wiped the beads of sweat from his eyebrows and leaned once more into the viewer.

"Steady."

The cross section of the *Slag*'s bridge, superimposed over its outline, grew larger by the second. He centered on the critical points of fire, locked on the control center, held.

"Steady."

But just as he depressed the firing key, the *Wing* bucked from a near-miss. The target on the screen slipped downward, out of sight.

Twin columns of radiant energy sped away, the projectiles heading for deep, unoccupied space.

Damn! He twisted in his chair, saw that four Starbolts were still behind him, trying to keep up. Corona's flyers were sweeping in.

Watch out!

Two of the ships went up in glittering debris, while the third and fourth peeled off at steep angles, heat beams slicing through the void.

"What now, Flan?"

"We're going to go in again."

"I admire your courage, boy," PEW responded, "but not your lack of sense. Our engines are in a bad way; unless we break off immediately, the success percentile of this mission will be reduced to zero."

The youth's fathomless eyes met the machine's expressionless lenses. His jaw firmed. Without another comment, the warbot extended its arms, screwing itself into the deck, combat-braced.

"Well – as ancient wisdom teaches – you can't live forever. Go, Sunheart."

"I'll see Corona in hell," the youth hissed, inserting the overburn program into the flight console. The stars blurred, changing into light streaks as the *Wing* accelerated toward hyperspeed – the one main advantage it had over other conventional warcraft.

Again Flan located the *Magna Slag,* now many sectars distant. In its haste to annihilate the Starbolts, the Armada had strung itself out, weakening its total shield power. Serene, confident,and alone, the floating island-fortress awaited their coming.

The *Omega Wing* swept out of the stars once more, pale death flickering from the laser mouths, cluster tubes swiveling to blast at anything that emitted heat or energy. Flan laughed: racking explosions dotted the *Slag's* bow, its metal skin peeling off in great, curling sections. His repeated salvoes had all but destroyed the protector drones.

HIT, HIT, HIT, the panels registered.

Keep it up, keep it up, he thought to himself as he targeted on the flag's bridge once again. Another bore shell dropped into the chute.

Flan made a slight course adjustment. The image jumped to the left and swung back.

The crash chair's coils tightened around him.

The *Omega Wing* came screaming in on a direct collision course.

Wait for it. Play the target.

He started to press the fire stud. . .

"They launched a torpon blast!"

The *Wing* heaved violently, slamming him back, knocking the breath out of him. The cabin lights dimmed and went out,replaced by the insistent crimson flash of the indicators.

WARNING: CRITICAL – EJECT.

WARNING: CRITICAL – EJECT.

WARNING: CRITICAL – EJECT.

The acrid stink of fusing metal and plastic filled the cockpit with choking fumes.

Flan strained to reach for the power shutoff, but could not move a muscle, because of

the acceleration force against him. The coils hummed; a painful weight was crushing the life out of him.

The wave blast had damaged the *Wing*'s control systems; not only had he missed hitting the flagship, but now, deflected by the *Slag*'s shield, he was shooting away from the conflict at an ever-increasing uncontrolled speed.

Away from Corona!

He could not even close his eyes.

"PEW," he managed to croak. "PEW – can you shut us down?"

A terrible ringing assailed his ears as the engines whined in fury; unable to turn his head, Flan Sunheart could only watch helplessly as the blackness grayed toward the first tinges of infraspace.

Consciousness was leaving him! The *Wing* could not sustain hyperdrive for more than the few timed seconds most warp-jumps required.

The ship would tear itself apart.

The agonized shriek of the ion driver was the only reality.

His mouth was wide open; he was screaming too.

He heard. . .

3: THE SLAYER FROM THE DARK

No man knows its coming until it is upon him. Ageless and invisible, it has no boundaries and fears nothing. Few survive its attacks, and those who do are left nights of staring horror and an insane laughter, which will never stop . . . .

In the darkness, pain.

Rending, heartaching, the pain the planetless wanderer feels, for whom all landings have been forbidden.

The painful acknowledgment of the total loss of everything that has been familiar, known, and loved faces forever lost.

Pain, in the darkness.

PAIN!

The youth stirred fitfully, fighting back toward the dim surface of consciousness. Fire was ripping through every nerve, a harsh blue light flashing at the back of his skull. He shuddered, exhaling a great breath. His eyelids fluttered.

It was too much effort, too painful to move. The darkness sang to him.

Falling. . .

◊ **flan : : flan : : wake up : : or i will give you another spinal : : : wake up : : : we are going to eat world this time for certain** ♦

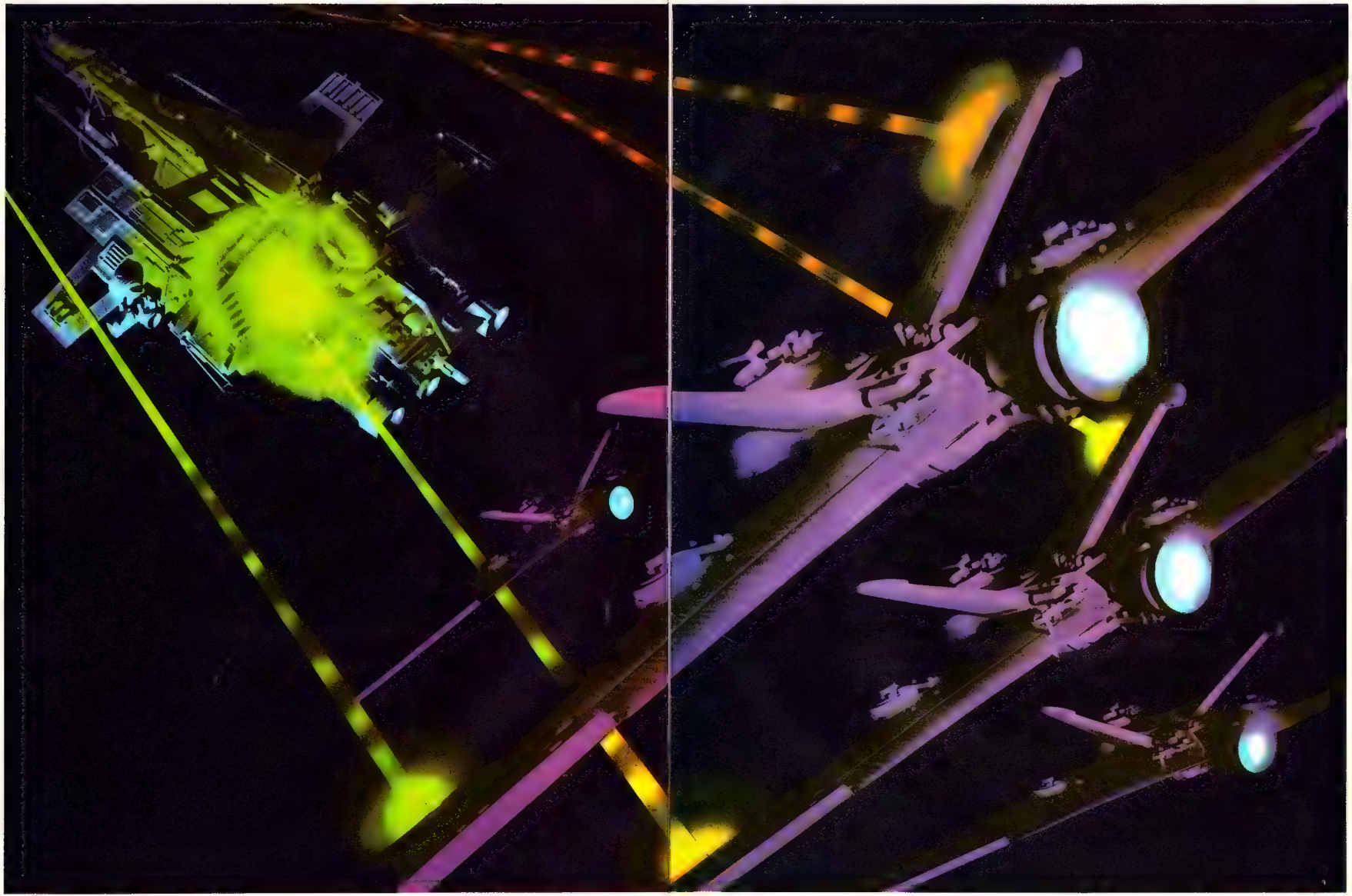
He tried to focus his vision. The cockpit was illumined by a strange soft radiance coming from outside the viewport. He struggled up, shattered coils tumbling off his lap. The crash chair was tilted, ripped entirely out of one deck socket.

"Good! I am relieved you are finally back with us," PEW hummed at him.

"What happened?"

"Take a look out there."

The light streaming in through the port was coming from an immense cloudy globe below them. Its shroudlike atmosphere swirled with somber muted earth colors – brown, blacks, sand, umber, tans – all flowing



together in a turbulent mix. Even as he watched, tremendous milky cloud forms surged up toward them, reaching impossible heights.

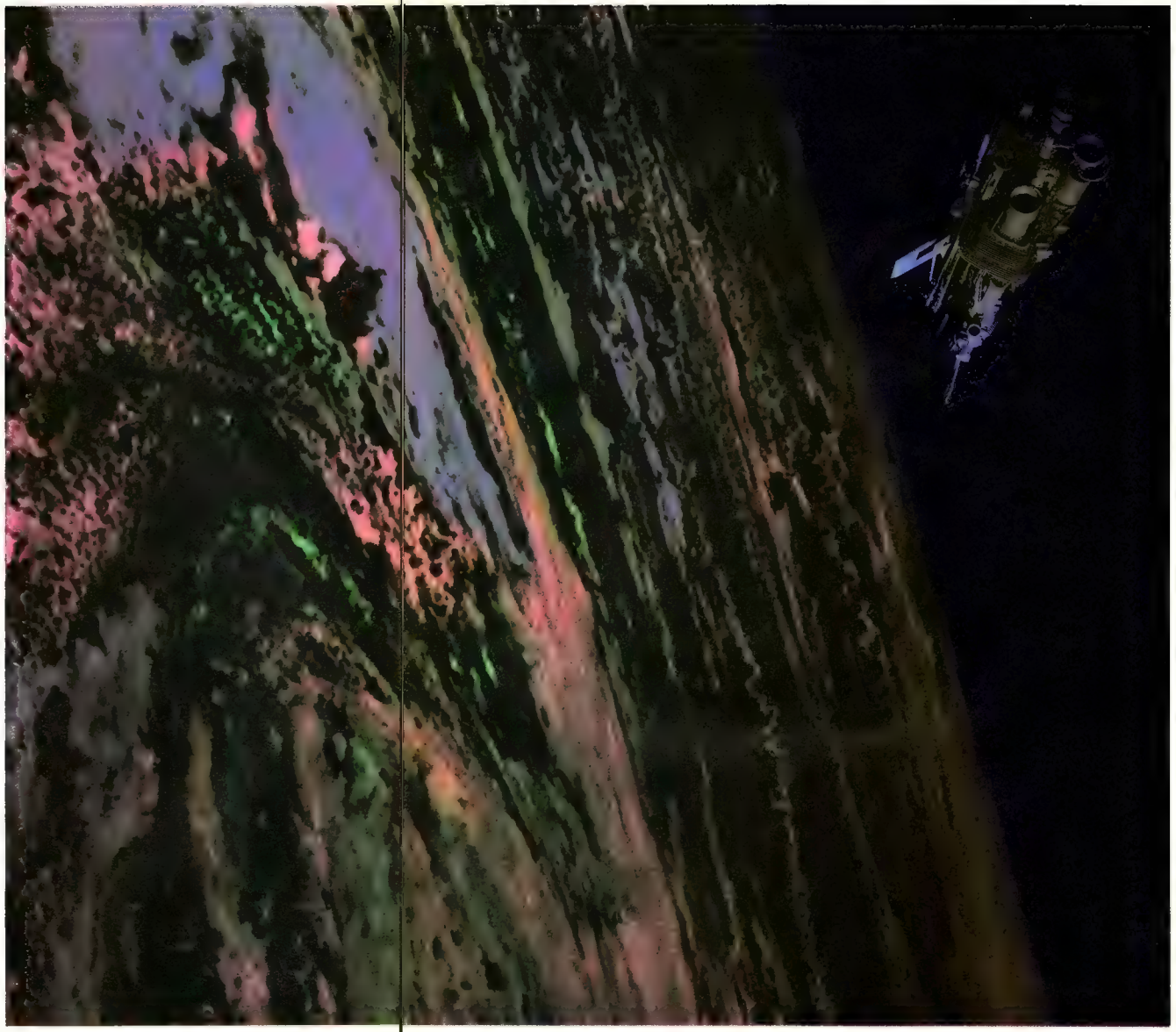
"Analysis, PEW. Atmospheric content? Gravity? Civilization?"

The globe swelled in size; they were falling,as if in a dream,toward a new world.

Flan checked the last navigational readout: still locked on Ilium coordinates. Reddish space outside, lit by a fading sun, gave no indication where in the galaxy they had wound up – if, in fact, they were still within the Whorl System. He checked the *Wing*'s instrumentation: most readings were still normal, although only half the power-reserve core was available for usage – barely enough to get them down.

"I need readings, PEW."

The warbot rolled over to the analyzer. "My Lord Flan the First enjoys a nap and leaves poor old PEW to do everything, as per usual. Wait a moment; I'll get what readings I can. Some of our exterior sensors were blasted off, you realize. Almost didn't get this crate slowed down the way we were going, approaching the speed of light. We'd have bored right through this planet and come out the other side – a glowing gasball – before we knew we'd hit anything. Very interesting: the old physical problem – the immovable mass versus the irresistible object."



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*. Harzak and more. ($5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet. Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben. Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised She, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his sff spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Pep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai puppets, sex and violence. ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977. Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius, the Airtight Garage, Den, and Polonius redux, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-pugs, intellectual morons, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977. This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wrightson, in addition to full color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux and Moebius. ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meahan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course, you knew about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp. ($3.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978. Where to begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Foo! in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader, and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual, like Den. ($3.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swash-buckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den. ($3.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978. Big deal, first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. ($3.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978. Does in Urm the Mad, locales El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time travels, and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. ($3.00)

HM #15/JUNE 1978. This time, we go too far. For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neurotic, Evolution, the ecstatic, More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the erratic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman. ($3.00)

HM #16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Gail, the further adventures of Heilman and Orion, More Than Human cont'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. ($3.00)

HM #17/AUGUST 1978. Looks like more of the same, with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Heilman, and the last More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gail gets going again, the Off-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. ($3.00)

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esorel, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancée, two off-season detectives, Arcane, the Warrior Heilman, Orion and Lone Starr on Gail, Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus more miscellaneous gags and wheezes. ($3.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978. All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Exterminator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of Mick's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of heroes Sindbad, Gail, and Orion. ($3.00)

HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978. A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin-Delany *Empire* while Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Exterminator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful and So Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. ($3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Orion and Off-Season, with a sleazier Tarot greeting cards, wreaths and wraiths, creches, crashes, and a preggy for you—a 12-page Moebius murder yarn. ($2.00)

HM #22/JANUARY, 1979. This one's full of elephants, for some reason. Plus our first Trina and a punk, and Gail's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More McKie and Corben. Whatteya want? ($2.00)

HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979: Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Star Crown. We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bilal. Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5, and by popular demand, Galactic Geographic. There's the story of a star-nosed mole and much, much more. ($2.00)

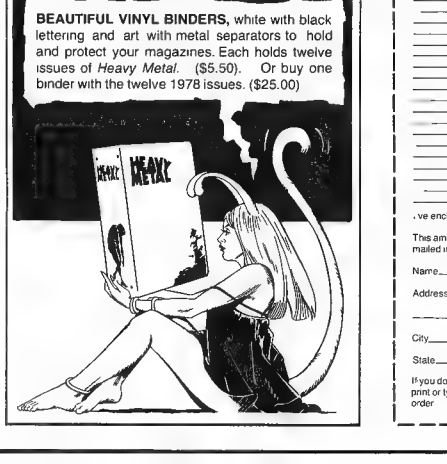
HM #24/MARCH, 1979. Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated *Stars My Destination*, for openers. A punk zombie android for Mamie Iris, Star Crown II, and Ellison's tale show. Also hardware and superstition. $2.00)

HM #25/APRIL, 1979. Second birthday bash, with Chaykin's great new Gideon Faust tale, an Alien portfolio, Vs. Mayerik's Time Out, the first chapter of Pylocin, Let on by Arthur Cover, ghost ships, robotic miscegenation, and other goodies for you. ($2.00)

HM #26 /MAY, 1979: The almost all-American issue, with fifteen stateside entries, including part one of The Illustrated Alien, the complete Entropics, a new Gray Morrow, and more of Corben's Sindbad. (Except for Druillet's Disco and a Proustjoke.) ($2.00)

HM #27/JUNE 1979: From the guys who brought you the pompadour, Charles De Gaulle, and fishnet stockings, we proudly present 64 pages of the wild and wacky adventures of Captain Future Plus. The second episode of the illustrated Alien, McKie's psychic vision of Mick Jagger in the year 2000, Pylocin II (not to be confused with *Jews II* and *Pippi Longstocking Meets the Werewolf*), and, alas, the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous (Willy we hardly knew ye). ($2.00)

HM #28/JULY, 1979: Vaughn Bode's "Cooks" premieres, Morrow's "Eight Bellies" and Moebius's "Garage" continue their run, and curiosities abound on Corben and Sinnott's "New Tales of the Arabian Nights." Guest appearances include Neal Adams's "Bears," Ugly Green Head," and Corben and Courtney's "Night on Bald Mountain." Bravo! Bravo! ($2.00)


BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS, white with black lettering and art with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of *Heavy Metal*. ($5.50). Or buy one binder with the twelve 1978 issues. ($25.00)
HEAVY METAL
HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM879
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	Apr., 1977	$5.00
_____	May, 1977	$4.00
_____	June, 1977	$3.00
_____	July, 1977	$3.00
_____	Aug., 1977	$3.00
_____	Sept., 1977	$3.00
_____	Oct., 1977	$3.00
_____	Nov., 1977	$3.00
_____	Dec., 1977	$3.00
_____	Jan., 1978	$3.00
_____	Feb. 1978	$3.00
_____	Mar., 1978	$3.00
_____	Apr., 1978	$3.00
_____	May, 1978	$3.00
_____	June, 1978	$3.00
_____	July, 1978	$3.00
_____	Aug., 1978	$3.00
_____	Sept., 1978	$3.00
_____	Oct., 1978	$3.00
_____	Nov. 1978	$3.00
_____	Dec., 1978	$2.00
_____	Jan., 1979	$2.00
_____	Feb., 1979	$2.00
_____	Mar., 1979	$2.00
_____	Apr., 1979	$2.00
_____	May, 1979	$2.00
_____	June, 1979	$2.00
_____	July, 1979	$2.00
_____	Binder	$5.50
_____	Binder with 1978 issues	$25 plus $1 postage and handling

I've enclosed a total of $_____.

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

A Meeting of Civilizations

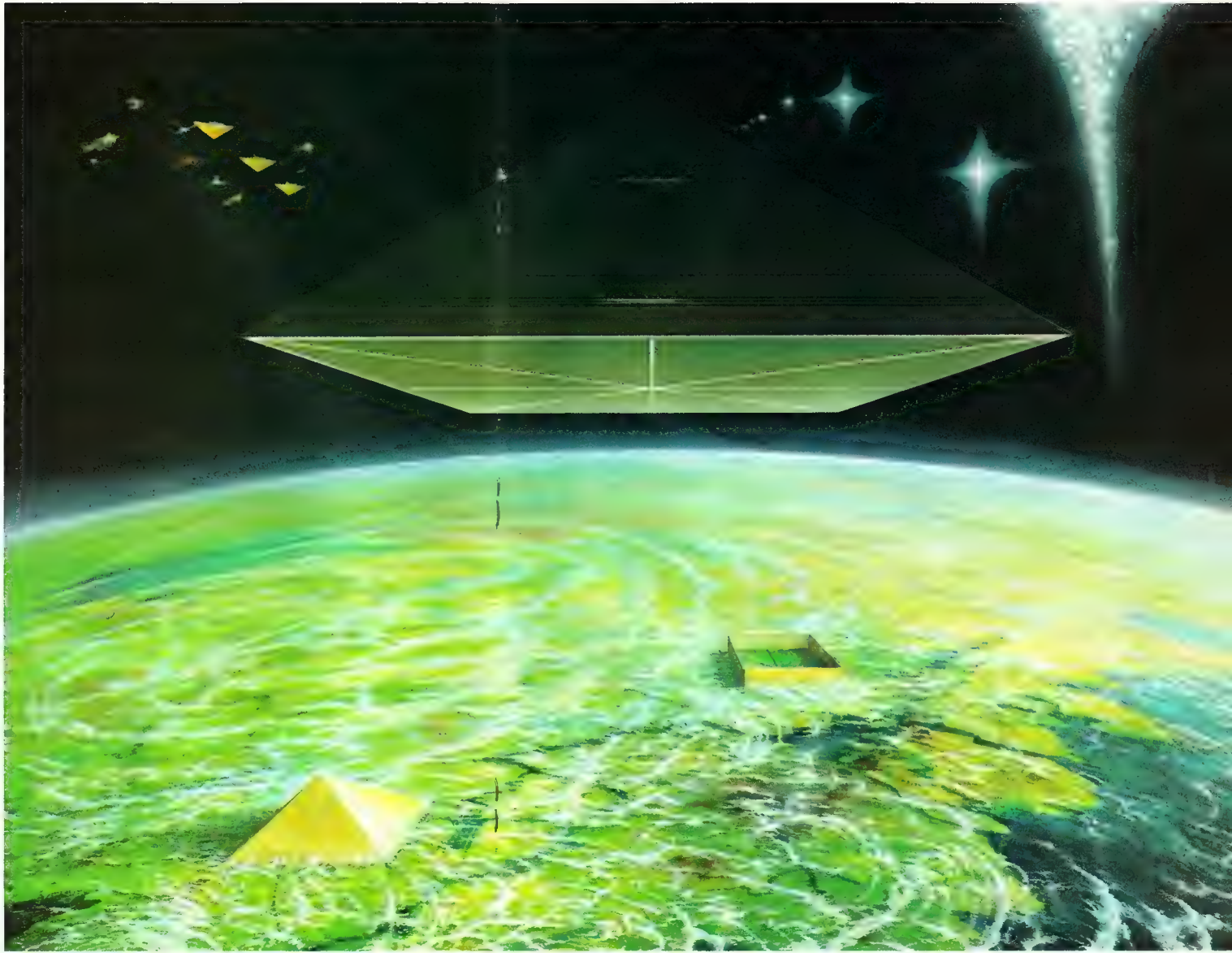
Poised above a planet bathed in noonday sun, a stationary WO ark awaits its civilization's first encounter with our Federation fleet in this view from GGO cruiser *Garcia*.

Our delegation groups to one side, awaiting the arrival of slower Noron vessels still many hours away. The excitement aboard ship is palpable, as we will soon be completing one more link across the vista of space. For weeks of our journey of almost eight hundred light-years, we have been monitoring welcoming WO transmissions and taking a crash course in WO civilization and technology. Nothing, however, could have prepared us for the vastness and magnificence of their pyramidal ark, almost a world unto itself, which will serve as our meeting place and home for many months. Its huge, boxlike launching bay, lying empty, even of atmosphere, is seen on the surface below, near a sister ship.

The WO hospitality is as vast as their planet, as evidenced by the precisely placed beacons that delineate the route to the ark. We originally perceived the beacons as monitors or scanners, but our instruments did not confirm this. For us, caution has always been a companion to curiosity. Here, a new civilization, whose accomplishments include harnessing their sun's total energy output, openly awaits us, with a graciousness almost as alien and unexpected as their world.

And now we come together: Earth, Tsailerol, Noron... and WO.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B. Kofoed*



LONE SLOANE/ DELIRIUS

Two sensational stories–two complete books in one volume–140 pages of full color, glorious violence–by the legendary METAL HURLANT/HEAVY METAL artist Philippe Druillet.

Heavy Metal Books, DEPT. HM879
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT THE COUPONS IN THESE ADS, BUT DO WISH TO ORDER, PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL THE NECESSARY INFORMATION AND ENCLOSE IT WITH A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER.

Please send me a copy of Lone Sloane/Delirius at $9.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. My check is enclosed

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FOR DELIVERY IN N.Y.C., ADD 8%. FOR DELIVERY ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK STATE, ADD 6%.

Already a runaway best seller in Europe and an underground sensation in America, **VIEWS** is the collected record jacket paintings (GENTLE GIANT, OSIBISA, YES), fantasy illustrations, posters, sketches, psychedelic architectural designs, dreams, and visions of England's incredibly talented young artist, **ROGER DEAN.** 160 oversized pages, in brilliant color.

VIEWS

Order Your Copy Now!

Heavy Metal Books
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 DEPT. HM879

Please send me a copy of **VIEWS** at $20.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. My check is enclosed.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE AND ZIP _____

FOR DELIVERY IN N.Y.C., ADD 8%. FOR DELIVERY ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK STATE, ADD 6%.

THE AIR. GARAGE OF J. CORN. BY MOEB. STORY SO FAR: ENG. BARNABUS PREPARES TO LEAVE THIS WORLD.

HELLO.. JASPER TO CORNELIUS! VAST CRACKS APPEARING IN THE PLAGMA WEB...
HAVE YOU LOST FAITH IN YOUR MASKED GUIDE, ENGINEER?
WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE! I CAN FEEL IT!...
THERE! IT'S HAPPENED! THIS IS IT! WHAT IF THEY STORM THE PLACE.. WHAT IF THEY BRING THE MAJOR... BOUND IN CHAINS..

OARSTROOMGOORMMMM
IT'S THE CELESTIAL ROOF THAT IS CRACKING.. HA HA!...
OBVIOUSLY ONE OF THE THIRTEEN GENERATORS, DISCONNECTED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF CHOT TORPENICZEL'S FLYING MACHINE... THAT'S IT... I TOLD YOU ABOUT IT...
WELL, IF THAT'S REALLY THE CASE, THE MATERIAL IS GOING TO LOSE ITS CO-HERENCE... GOOD LORD! THIS GLADSTONE IS HEAVY!...
GET THE TRANSPORTER READY NOW, BE-CAUSE I HAVE TO ATTACH THE CRYSTAL TO IT...
YOU SEE - NO CRYSTAL, NO CONDUCT-ING!...
AH HA! THAT'S IT, IS IT...
THE CRYSTAL WITH THE FOURTEEN FACETS!
NOTE TO THE READER: LOOK!...THE MAJOR IS BREATHING DEEPLY FROM HIS ABDOMEN AND THE TIPS OF HIS FINGERS, COMPLETELY CONSCIOUS OF EVERYTHING HAPPENING AROUND HIM, HE CONCENTRATES MORE DEEPLY STILL ON CERTAIN CODES OF THE CELLULAR STRUCTURE... HIS CORPOREAL SHELL SEEMS TO DISSOLVE... A LUMINOUS POINT CREATES ITSELF IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS CONCENTRATION... THIS LUMINOUS POINT GROWS UNTIL IT OVERWHELMS HIM WITH ITS TOTAL SPLENDOR...
MCBIUS
TO BE CONTINUED...

MONSIEUR GLOUGLOU
ZZZZ
ZZZZZ
ROCHBERNY
I'VE GOT FIRST QUALITY WAX FOR YOUR FLOOR.
HOW NICE! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BROOM?
ZZZZZ
PLUCK

MONSIEUR GLOUGLOU
OH!
ROCHBERNY

MONSIEUR GLOUGLOU
STOP THAT EYEBALLING YOU OLD PIG-!!
YES DEAR... MMM...
MMM...
I'VE HAD IT!!

ZOOKS!

© by VAUGHN BODĒ

SGT SUNFLOWER, DAT'S TWA SECOND PW-17 YOU HAS WRECKED UP DIS WEEK. WOT DA TROB?
WELL, DOG BEANBAG, I IS A LITTLE APPREHENSIVE. BOUT DIS ORBITAL FLIGHT I GOIN TO MAKE MY RAZOR-LIKE TIMIN' IS OFF A HAIR...

©1979 VAUGHN BODĒ

YOUSE BETTER MAKE SURE YOU DONE EVERYTHING YOU GOTTA DO. (IF YOUSE KNOW WOT I MEAN.) WE GOT TO GET YOU INTO DA SPACE SUIT...
UM... CAN I—AHH...HAVE ANOTHER RHUBARB SANDWICH?... MAN, I JUS' DIGS RHUBARB ON BREAD WIF ALL MY HEART...

LISTEN, SUNFLOWER, I WANTS TO MAKE DIS PERFECTLY CLEAR, YOU IS TO GO FOR 3 ORBITS ONLY, WE DON'T KNOW HOW SPACE EFFECTS LIZARDS.
HOW BOUT IF I DON'T GO AT ALL. I'LL JUS' MAKE UP WHAT YOU WANTS TO KNOW AN TELL YOU...

SGT SUNFLOWER, YOU IS ACTING AWFUL NERVOUS BOUT DIS FLIGHT...

LOOK, NO LIZARD EVER HAD DA BAD LUCK TO GO INTO ORBIT BEFORE... ESH, I FEELS KINDA SICKISH...

LAVENDER DUNE TRANSFER VAN

MUST BE DA FIVE RHUBARB SANDWICHES YOU ATE IN DA LOCKER ROOM...

NOPE, IT MORE A LIGHT, FLUFFY FEATHERY FEELIN.

AHH, YOU ADMIT YOU IS TURNIN' CHICKEN!...

ALL I KNOWS IS MY DRUMSTICKS IS SHAKIN'...

PWA

OKAY, SUNFLOWER, LAD, YOU THINKS YOU CAN MANAGE DA LADDER ALL RIGHT?... OUR SPACE BUDGET DOESN'T GOT NO ROOM FOR FRIVOLITIES...

I WISH IT DIDN'T EXIST... I CAN MANIPULATE DA STUPID LADDER IF SOMEBODY HAUL UP MY LUNCH PAIL...

WELP, HERE IT IS, PUMPKIN BALL!...IT GOING TO BE YOUR HOME FOR 3 ORBITS ARDUND OUR WORLD...HOW I DO ENVY YOU, SERGEANT...

IAF

I TELLS YOU WHAT, YOU DOESN'T HAS TO ENVY ME, DOC, I'LL LET YOUSE GO IN MY PLACE ANY DAY...

"JUS' SHUTUP AN STRAP IN...

WE GONNA LOWER DA HATCH CLOSE... SUNFLOWER, DIS IS A HISTORIC MOMENT FOR ALL LIZARDS!

WOT IS? CLOSING A HATCH?...HOW'S DAT HISTORICAL?...MILLIONS OF HATCHES CLOSE EVERY-DAY...I WANNA GET OUT...

TO BE CONTINUED...

Illustrations by Joseph Zucker

DRAGONWORLD

by Byron Preiss

and J. Michael Reaves

It was well after midmorning when Johan, son of Jondalrun, stood on the edge of the cliffs and looked out over the Strait of Balomar. He wiped damp, blond curls from his forehead and shaded his eyes against the sunlight. Johan was tired; he had begun the climb in predawn darkness, carrying the Wing tenderly as he made his way across the bushy hills to the northern escarpment. Even with his care, the stretched leather surface and wooden frame of the Wing had been scratched by hookberry vines and sharp rocks. The last part of the climb had been the steepest, and the sea winds there had made the Wing jump and buck like a stallion. Yet Johan had presevered. He intended to fly this day, and he would settle for nothing less

The boy now sat upon a hugh rock, having carefully anchored the Wing behind it. He ate a nectarine pulled from his father's garden, and gazed up at the foamy clouds as the breeze dried the juice on his cheeks.

He was a farmer's son, young but strong and limber The friendly wind played with his hair, tickling strands against his face. Johan hugged himself, as much in delight at his daring as against the slight chill of the Fandoran spring. His father, Jondalrun, would be angry. Risking safety for pleasure was a silly, Simbalese thing to do. But Johan had seen Amsel one beautiful morning, drifting above these very clouds, soaring as free as a fabled dragon, and he knew that to fly was far more than pleasure and truly worth the risk

Taking the Wing had been easy. The great tree that formed part of Amsel's house rose up next to Greenmeadow Mesa, and its massive upper branches grew flush with the cliff's edge. Johan had simply walked onto the tree, descended to the limb where the Wing was kept, and left with it by the same route. He cautioned himself against falling into the easy habit of thievery. Just this once, and never again.

He was rested now, and the nectarines were all eaten, and there would be no better time for flying. He carried the Wing with him to the cliff's edge. A hawk sailed by far below him, close to the cliff's face, wings motionless. Wait for me, Johan thought. Hawk, I'll show you flying.

Standing at the edge, he carefully aimed the Wing into the wind. As the leather flapped and boomed in the updraft, he gripped the steering bar beneath the frame and slipped his feet into the thong loops, as Amsel had once shown him That done, he stood facing the ocean, far below. For the first time, he felt cold fear spreading under his heart What if flying was not as easy as it looked? But it was too late now. The weight of the frame pulled him forward, and he could only push with his feet and turn a sudden descent into an awkward leap. Sea air slapped his cheeks, and he cried out in terror. He was falling! Amsel's invention had failed, and Johan prayed that he would not die. Eyes squeezed shut, he twisted his body desperately, this way and that, and, after an eternity, felt air catch beneath the leather sail. Suddenly, he was not falling, but rising. He opened his eyes—a cloud of indignant gulls exploded about him, protesting his invasion. He was flying!

Held aloft by the laughing wind, Johan experimented with his body weight, learning the rules of flight. Mastery came swiftly as he flew over the water. The sheer beauty of it! Johan had known little more in his eight years of life than plowing and sowing, harrow and harvest. This was totally new, this was wonderful! Air burned sweetly in his lungs, then exploded from his lips in a shout of delight as he swooped and circled.

As the first euphoria faded, Johan began to study the scenery below. He was hovering in a steady updraft just over the vertical cliffs. The Strait of Balomar separated his land, Fandora, from the dim purple shoreline to the east. Through the mists above this shore was Simbala, home of the mysterious and distrusted Riders of the Wind.

On his rare days of play, Johan would often come to the cliffs with his friends Doley and Mari, and they would sit for hours, staring eastward, hoping to see the magnificent, slow-moving windships of Simbala. It was well-known that the Sim were magicians and sorcerers, and that even the smallest of them could shrivel cornstalks with a glance. Though Johan and his friends knew they should not be fascinated by the crafts of the sorcerers, still they came, hoping to glimpse the sails of the distant windships in the clouds.

No Fandoran had ever seen a windship at close range. Until last week, none had ever crossed the Strait of Balomar. Johan remembered the wide-eyed accounts of the couriers who had brought news of a ship that had swooped out of the sky without warning, its sails flapping like Old Witch Winter's cloak as it crashed into a high townhouse garret in Gordain. A shower of embers had been cast from the small boat beneath the sail, and the resulting fire had caused damage to a half-dozen homes. No rider was found in the ship, and its descent had been blamed on the sorcery of Simbala.

Johan sailed dizzyingly in a wide arc over the water. The Sim, the couriers had said, must be magicians. How else could they make boats fly? Yet, Johan thought, here he was, flying as swiftly as any Sim, and he was not a magician. He had seen Amsel build the Wing himself, without sorcery. What if the Sim had built their windships just as Amsel had built his Wing?

Many folk, his father included, were worried about the possibility of another attack by the magicians of the Simbalese. What if they were not magicians, but humans like Amsel and himself? Johan wondered. Perhaps the Sim were not people to be feared, after all. Perhaps Amsel was right when he said that the unknown should not be feared just because it was unknown.

Filled with the joy of flight, Johan was sure that he could convince his father, and everyone else, that Amsel was a man of vision. Johan's dreams soared higher than the Wing he rode, and in them, his friend Amsel, that shy and strange man, would teach the Fandorans marvelous things. And he, Johan, would become his apprentice, and be privy to all the wonderful secrets and inventions that filled Amsel's forest home ...

Johan flew through the bright day, happier than he had ever been. He flew and dreamed, and occupied by his dreams, was blind to the nightmare coming until it was far too late.

The sight and sound of terror came simultaneously: as Johan swooped over a white sickle of beach two hundred feet below, heading inland, he saw his small shadow overtaken by a vast, batwinged blackness. There was a deafening screech, and then a hurricane hit him, born of giant wings. Then, the dreams fell swiftly to darkness, and the dreamer to death. Johan hardly had time to comprehend the casual shattering of his life. The torn leather and broken frame fell, and he fell with it, screaming and grasping at the mocking wind. As he fell, he caught a single glimpse of the dragon, its mouth open, blotting out the world. The pain was mercifully brief.

The lad was late. The day was falling toward evening, and Johan had not returned to lead the plowhorse through the north field, or to wring the yithe fiber dry. His dinner of bannock leaves and fish had grown cold on the table. He was late, as he had been late before, and Jondalrun, his father, was angry.

Jondalrun was a gray and dusty man, a farmer of Fandora. He owned two small fields, a cottage, and a barn, and he worked from dawn to darkness tilling soil and tending livestock. In the summer he carted his produce daily to market in Tamberly Town, a mile from his farm. He was an elder of the village, one of the three who sat in occasional council on the problems and grievances that are a part of any small community.

Jondalrun seldom smiled; he seldom had cause. The skin about his eyes was as furrowed and brown as the fields about his house, and his hair and beard flowed almost to his waist. He carried a sturdy oaken staff, and so gnarled were his hands that it was hard to tell where human limb ended and tree limb began. He was a man who felt that he had no quarrel with his lot in life. Yet, there were times when he would ram his plow through the rocky soil, wielding it like a sword in battle, or thresh the harvested grain as though he were using a whip. He had been a farmer for twenty years and a father for eighteen. He thought of his first son, Dayon, who had left home four years ago, and scowled, shaking his head. Was Johan turning out to be a vagabond, as his brother had? Why didn't the boy understand that there was always work to be completed? Life was hard, as it should be. People were not meant to live like the Simbalese—the wealthy, decadent, perfumed Simbalese.

Jondalrun climbed slowly up the winding trail toward the cliffs. He had raised Johan as best he knew how, as he would have raised a crop of millet or barley, with methodical care and devotion. The devotion was seldom shown, though always there. It had been enough for him as a child—it should be enough for any child. Evidently, it had not been enough for Dayon, and did not seem to be enough for Johan....

Worried, he shook his head. The fault did not lie with him. Johan had no business playing when there was work to be done. Hard work was the lot of a farmer, and Johan would do well to learn that. Jondalrun tapped his staff grimly against his hand. He did not carry it solely to aid his trek to the seaside cliffs, for, though he was old, the decades of farming under the hot sun had baked him brown and hard. He carried it also because Johan had a lesson to learn. Like his brother before him, he was too play-minded. It was time he grew up.

Jondalrun knew that his son's mischief had to be connected with that madman, Amsel the wrong-thinker, the fool who constantly filled his son's head with dangerous notions. He recalled Johan once saying that according to Amsel, everything was alive—the rocks, the air, the wattle and mud-daub of Jondalrun's barn—everything. The only difference was the amount of life in things—"consciousness," Amsel had called it. Johan had balked at breaking up dirt clods in the furrows after that, for fear of killing them. Jondalrun shook his head grimly. Amsel was dangerous, no question about that. The hermit had to be Simbalese. Jondalrun was sure that Amsel had something to do with the Sim attack on Gordain Town.

He topped the final rise on the trail and stood on a precipice overlooking the sea. He blinked at the sheer blueness of the ocean, and the grandeur of the spires and natural towers of the cliffs. The iron-rich earth was banded in shades of brown and red, which merged with the white sand far below. Jondalrun watched the waves comb themselves free of seaweed on the rocks, and listened to the gulls' sharp cries. He took a deep breath and reluctantly let himself savor the salty air. When he had been a lad, many a happy time had he spent exploring the caves and crannies of these cliffs. It gave him an odd feeling of comfort to know that they were still here, unchanged since his youth. He stood for a long, quiet moment, contemplating the beauty of it, feeling guilty for letting himself enjoy it. Then he suddenly remembered something his wife had told him years ago about Dayon. "A pair of young legs cannot constantly trod the same beaten path from barn to cottage," she had said. "They must be able to climb hills and run through the surf as well." Jondalrun stared at the sea. His wife was dead now, and Dayon was long gone. Johan did do his chores, albeit late at times. Jondalrun remembered evenings of his own youth spent watching the cliff fishermen cranking laden nets up the sheer rock walls, listening agape to their legends of giant seaworms and dragons. As he reached the top of the cliffs, he was lost in the memories of his childhood. Then he remembered the reason for his trip. He frowned again, seeking to recapture the anger he had somehow lost. He tried to rekindle it by thinking of Amsel, but even that did not make him feel sternly toward Johan. His son was a good boy. Well, Jondalrun thought, perhaps the lad's shoulders would not sting quite so hard this time. Perhaps they would not sting at all. He did not want to lose another son....

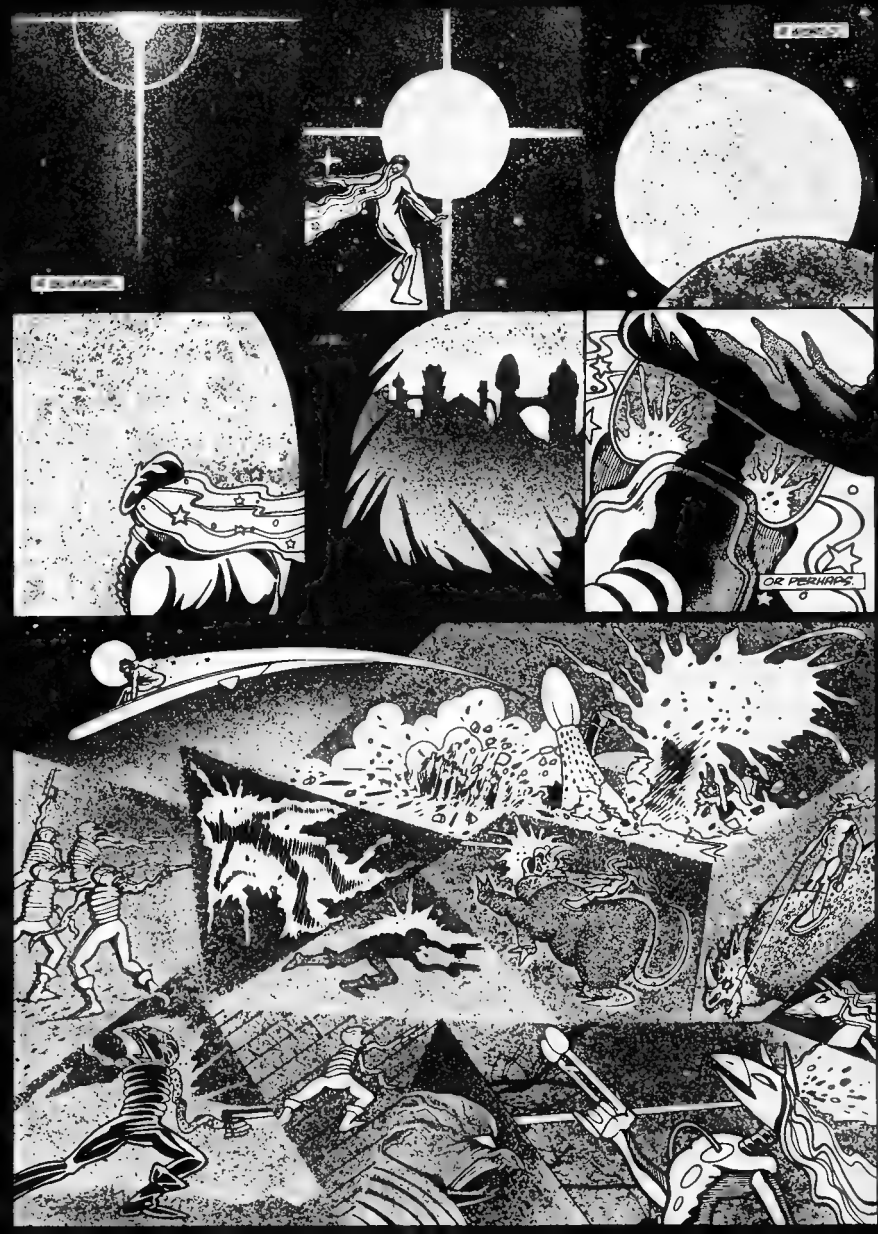
It was then that the old man saw the twisted wreckage on the beach below him, pushed gently by the waves, and the silent body whose clothes he recognized.

There followed a gray time of rocks and pain. Jondalrun hung from crumbling ledges, slid down steep slopes of talus, and twice he fell, jarring the breath from him for some time. Afterward, as he crouched moaning, holding Johan's broken form in his arms, he looked up once at the cliff and wondered fleetingly how he had managed the impossible descent. But there was no room for thought of that, no room for anything but the grim, wordless sorrow. He remained on the beach for a long, unnoticed time, until the moon had risen and the advancing tide soaked his legs. Then, he pulled Johan gently up the beach. The boy's broken legs were tangled in rawhide ropes, and for the first time, Jondalrun examined the wreckage.

It belonged to Amsel the hermit. He would have known that even if he had not seen the distinctive rune branded into the leather sail. Jondalrun had heard tales of the hermit's flying Wing. So Johan had flown, like some young, untried bird, seduced by Amsel's mad stories. Jondalrun looked about. The wreckage was scattered over a wide area, as though something had caused the Wing to come apart in midair. Also, the heavy leather sail was ripped, as were Johan's clothes—ripped and slashed. Jondalrun looked up, seeking a reason. He stared across the water at the distant, moonlit shores of Simbala, and, against the gibbous moon, saw the silhouette of a windship moving slowly toward the east.

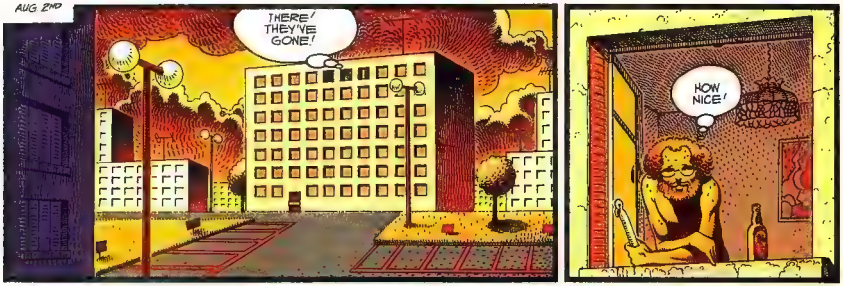
Jondalrun stared at it, trembling. Slowly he raised his staff. Struck by moonlight, it gleamed, a cold fire of rage. "My son is dead," he said. "My son is dead!" he shouted. "For that I'll see your trees burn! I'll see blood run your rivers and stain the sea! Warlocks or no, you'll fear my coming! My son is dead, and he will be avenged!" ●

A SPACE STORY
BY PETER A. KUPER
SOARING THE ENDLESS VOID, HE IS DRAWN ON BY THE PHOTONS
HIM FROM AFAR.
LIKE A COMET, HE BLAZES A TRAIL LONG OF FLEETING IMAGES OF HIS PASSING. ALL AROUND, SPACE GREETS HIM AND THEN TURNS AWAY AS HE STREAKS BY. NONE KNOW FROM WHENCE HIS COMES NONE CARE WHERE HE GOES.
HE IS A WANDERER THROUGH THE UNIVERSE, A BROTHER TO THE ASTEROIDS, AND A CHILD OF THE INFINITE.
© PAK '78

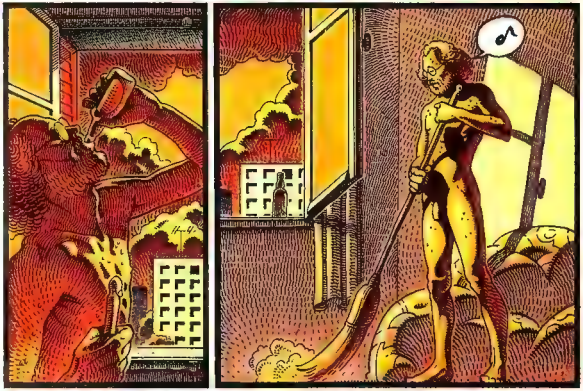

OR PERHAPS.

DEVASTATING WAR
...FLIGHT...
...TO THE END...
...FOR A BETTER WORLD...
...AND AT THE ENTRANCE, A GLIMMER...
END

NEW ARK CITY



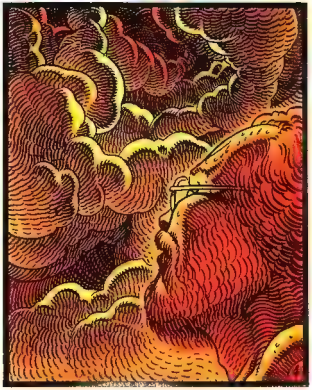
STAGGERED VACATIONS ARE REALLY A THING OF THE PAST. THE WAY THEY DO IT NOW IS TO ALL LEAVE FOR THE WHOLE MONTH OF AUGUST. IT'S CRAZY! I'M COMPLETELY ALONE IN THE CITY, SAME AS EVERY YEAR! IT'S PEACEFUL.! I QUIETLY WORK AWAY, I READ, I THINK, I MAKE MY LITTLE MEALS, DO MY LITTLE HOUSEWORK. IT'S NOT ALL THAT NICE, REALLY, BECAUSE IT'S HOT. **VERY** HOT. BUT I CAN WALK AROUND NAKED WITH THE WINDOWS OPEN: I FEEL JUST FINE LIKE THAT. BESIDES, I'M SURE THERE AREN'T MANY PEOPLE IN THE BUILDING FACING ME...; IT'S PEACEFUL, ALL RIGHT! AND WHEN I LISTEN TO MUSIC, I CAN TURN THE RECORD PLAYER UP LOUD: THERE'S NO ONE TO BANG ON THE FLOOR!



AUG 3RD
KROUi KROUi
KROUi Ui KROUii
MMM=
KROUUUU KROUi
THAT'LL TEACH ME TO SLEEP WITH THE WINDOWS OPEN!
WHERE DID YOU GUYS COME FROM=
STOP IT! SILLY LITTLE BUGGERS! I DON'T HAVE ANY LICE!
KROUii
COME ON, LET'S MAKE SOME COFFEE
KROUii
KROUi
KROK!

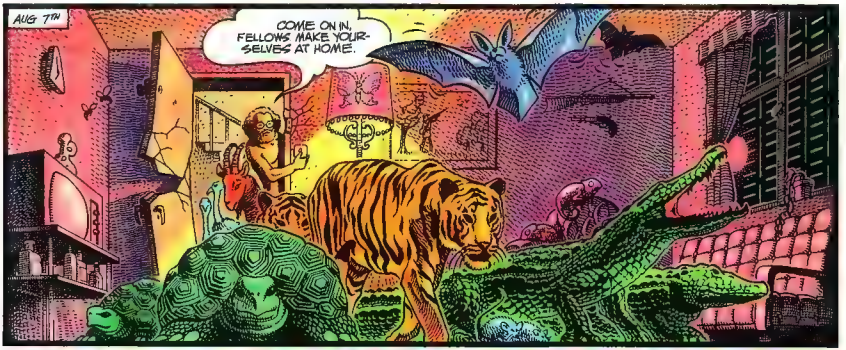
BOY OH BOY! I'M NOT FEELING AT ALL WELL THIS MORNING!
...IT MUST BE THE HEAT..
KROUU!
FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS TAKE A NICE LONG SHOWER! A COLD ONE!
KROUU!
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!
KROUU!
AW! AW!
NO REASON TO FREAK! SOME-THING'S GOING ON HERE!
DON'T PANIC!
...I'LL GO LOOK IN THE HALL...YES...TO SEE IF...
BLOODY HEAT!
KRO
KROU!
RIGHT!...
OUTSIDE, TOO?

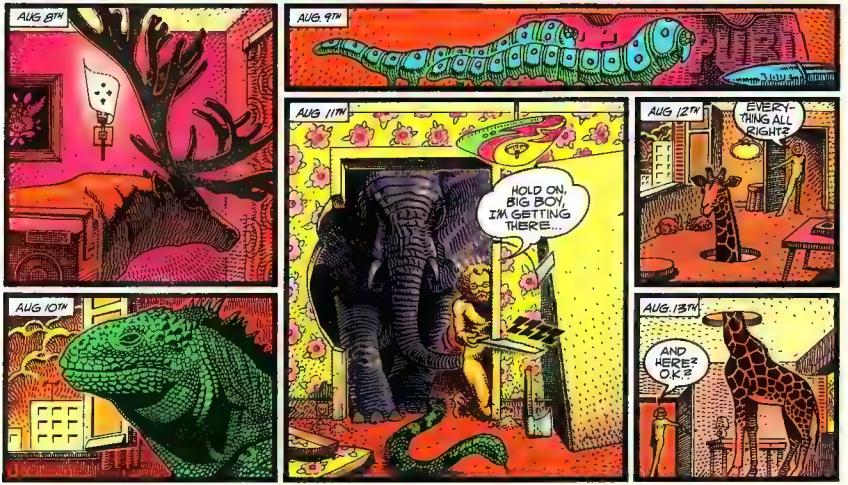
RIGHT!.. I GET IT.. SOONER OR LATER IT HAD TO HAPPEN.. IT JUST GOES TO SHOW THERE'S A GOD AFTER ALL.. SURE... TOO MANY DAMN CHEMICALS IN THE ATMOSPHERE. HEAVY GASSES, NOT NECESSARILY TOXIC, BUT INCREDIBLY **HEAT-RETAINING**... SO.. EVAPORATION.. THE HUMIDITY FURTHER ACCENTUATES THE **HOT-HOUSE EFFECT**... THEN THE MELTING POLAR ICE CAPS... RISING SEA LEVEL... THAT COULD BRING BETTER WEATHER, BUT EVEN SO, I'D BETTER NOT LOSE ANY TIME. IN ANY CASE, I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO NOW...



FIRST, OPEN (CAREFULLY) ALL THE APARTMENTS LEFT EMPTY BY THE VACATIONING TENANTS..

AND THEN INSTALL IN THEM THE NEW TENANTS, TWO BY TWO, AS THEY ARRIVE...





AUG. 14TH-15TH-16TH. TO FEED EVERYONE, I HAD TO OPEN THE SUPERMARKET AT THE CORNER, CLOSED FOR THE MONTH. OBVIOUSLY (REOPENED BY ME ON THE 15TH OF AUGUST). IDE CARTS FULL! BUT THERE WASN'T ANY FODDER!...

THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH CANNED GOODS! HOPE I DIDN'T FORGET A CAN OPENER!

SUPE

AUG. 17TH-18TH. NOW TO GET THE BUILDING LOOSE FROM THE GROUND. IT WASN'T EASY IN THE SUMMER HEAT. ALL THE WAY AROUND WITH PICK AND SHOVEL! TOOK TWO DAYS! WHAT A JOB!

AUG. 20TH. I DIDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH DIFFICULTY GETTING THE NEXT JOB DONE. I PINCHED A TAR-SPRAYING MACHINE FROM A CONSTRUCTION SITE (CLOSED FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.). IT STINKS AND IT'S NOT PRETTY TO LOOK AT, BUT IT WOULD HOLD FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST!

THE BASEMENT BLOCKED OFF. AND THE DOOR, TOO.. A MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO!

..I HAD ALSO TAKEN CARE TO ARRANGE A WAY BACK IN.

AAAAHHH!... I'M COMPLETELY DONE IN AFTER ALL THAT...

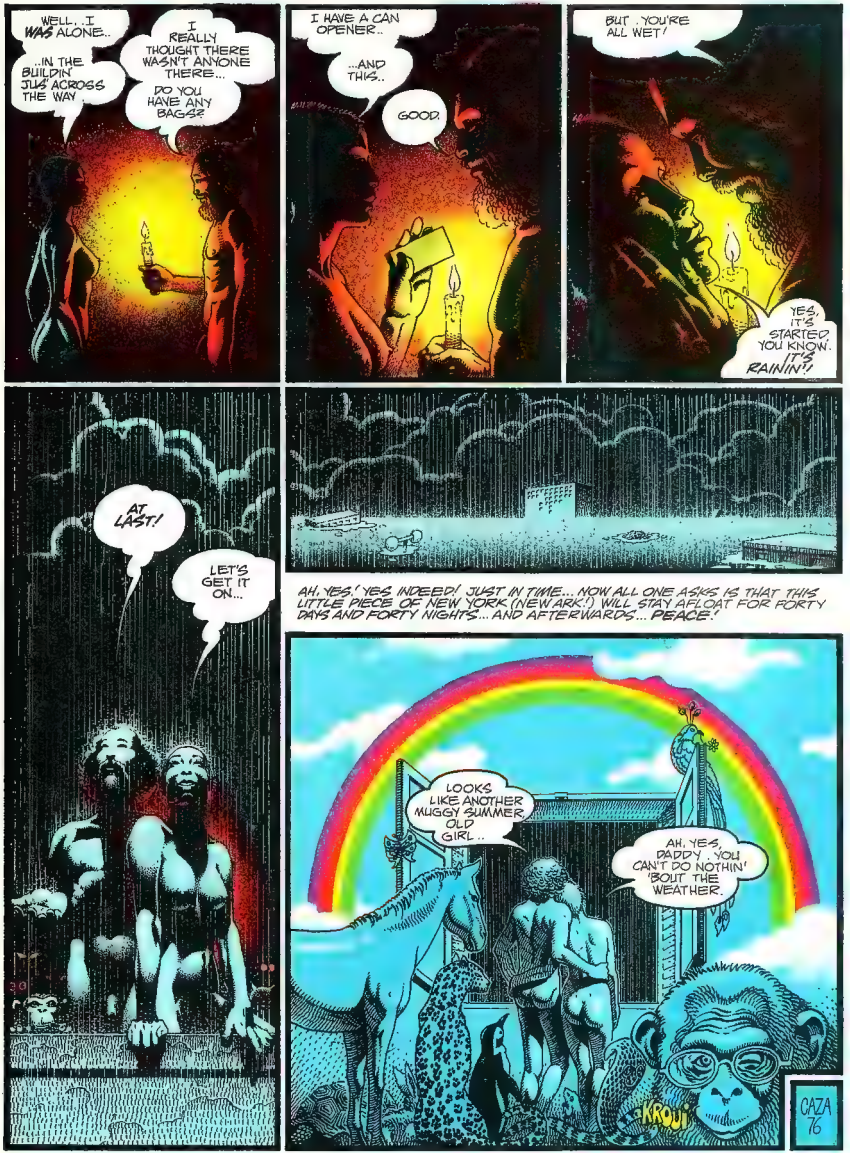
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, LAZY BONES?

..WHAT IF "THEY" COME BACK NOW? NO, I DON'T THINK THEY WILL.. THEY'RE ALL STILL AT THE BEACH.. WHEN THEY DO RETURN, IT'LL BE TOO LATE.. WE'RE ALL READY... DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL... PROVIDED THAT...

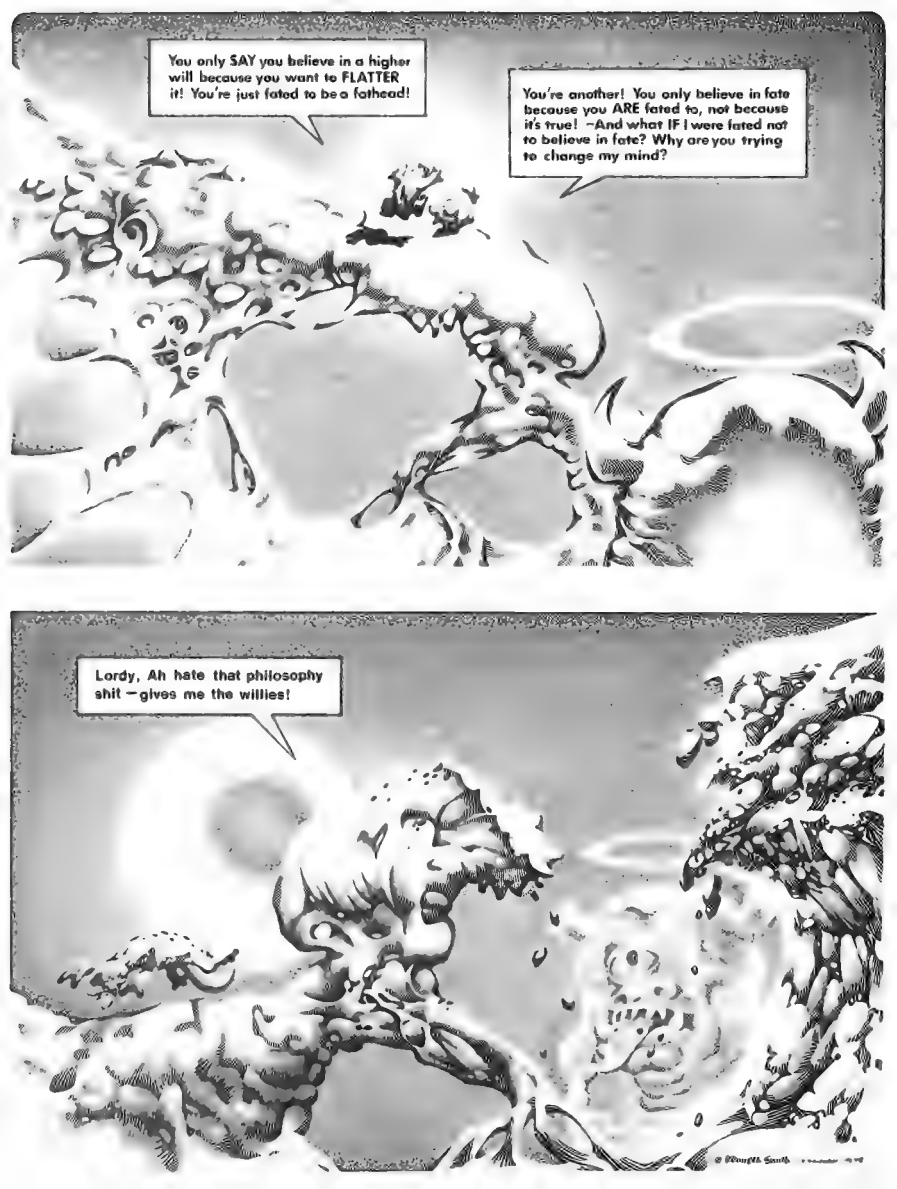
THAT NIGHT THE BAROMETRIC PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE INCREASED NOTICEABLY... AS DID THE HEAT.. AND THE STATIC ELECTRICITY... IT HAD TO END IN A STORM... AND..

KRASH!

BKAOUM
THERE, THE STORM'S BROKEN!...
SEEMS THERE'S A POWER FAILURE...
KLIK
MMM...
...WHERE THE FUCK DID I PUT THE MATCHES?
HOWDY.
HOWDY...
...ARE YOU ALONE?


WELL.. I WAS ALONE..
..IN THE BUILDIN' JUS' ACROSS THE WAY
I REALLY THOUGHT THERE WASN'T ANYONE THERE...
DO YOU HAVE ANY BAGS?
I HAVE A CAN OPENER..
..AND THIS..
GOOD.
BUT.. YOU'RE ALL WET!
YES, IT'S STARTED YOU KNOW. IT'S RAININ'!
AT LAST!
LET'S GET IT ON...
AH, YES,' YES, INDEED! JUST IN TIME... NOW ALL ONE ASKS IS THAT THIS LITTLE PIECE OF NEW YORK (NEW ARK!) WILL STAY AFLOAT FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS... AND AFTERWARDS... PEACE.'
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER MUGGY SUMMER, OLD GIRL..
AH, YES, DADDY.. YOU CAN'T DO NOTHIN' 'BOUT THE WEATHER.
KROUI
CAZA 76

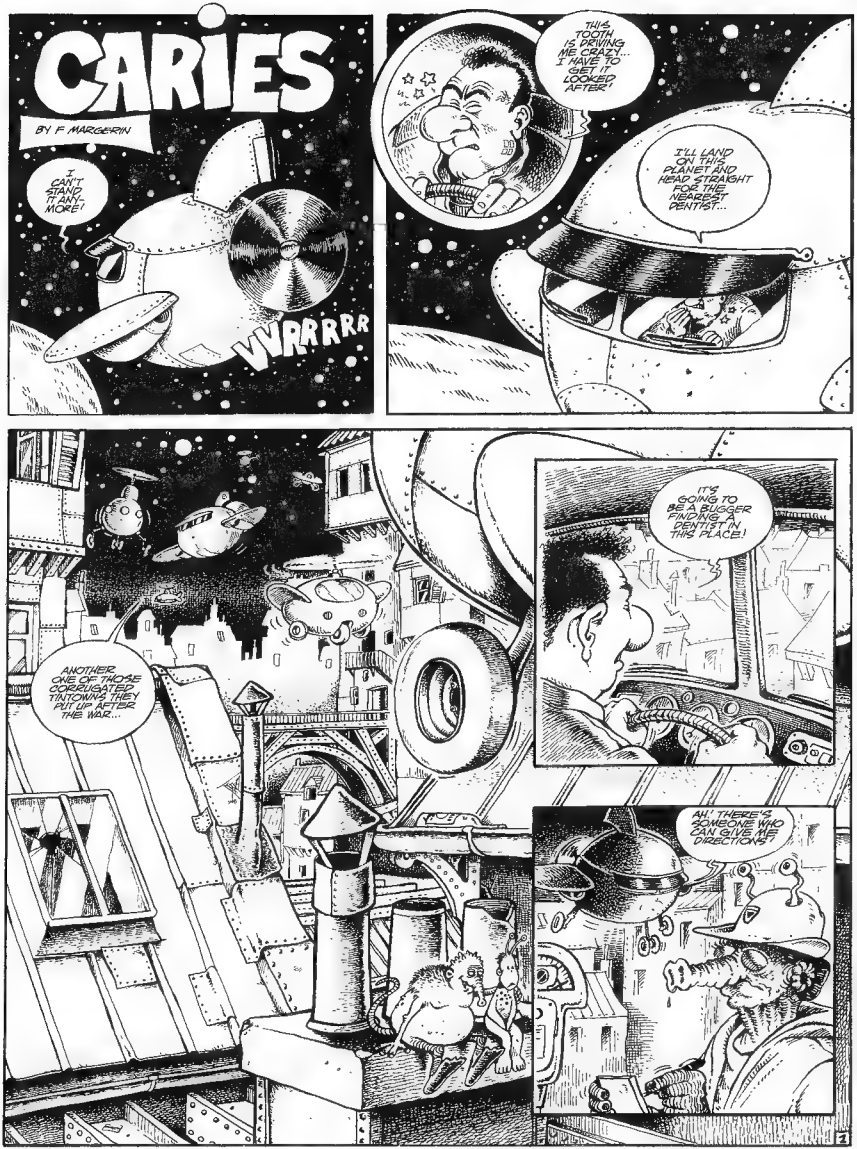
THE WEB OF FATED MEN
We are all in the hands of greater powers. But nothing has GOT to be unless it is MEANT to be. Otherwise, all is mere accident.
But why is it meant to be, unless it's GOT to be meant to be?
Crude necessity is TOO crude to be believed in!
You got trouble believing in it because you're FATED not to!


You only SAY you believe in a higher will because you want to FLATTER it! You're just fated to be a fathead!
You're another! You only believe in fate because you ARE fated to, not because it's true! —And what IF I were fated not to believe in fate? Why are you trying to change my mind?
Lordy, Ah hate that philosophy shit — gives me the willies!

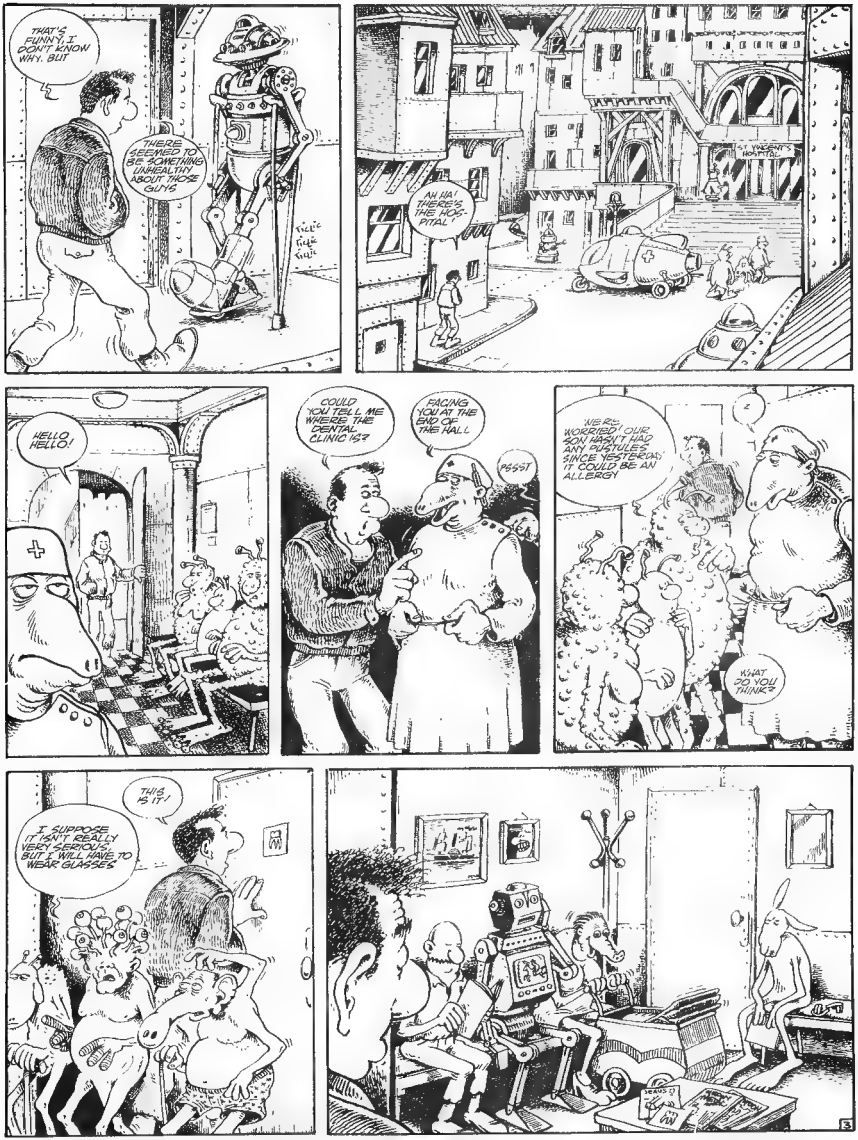
the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©

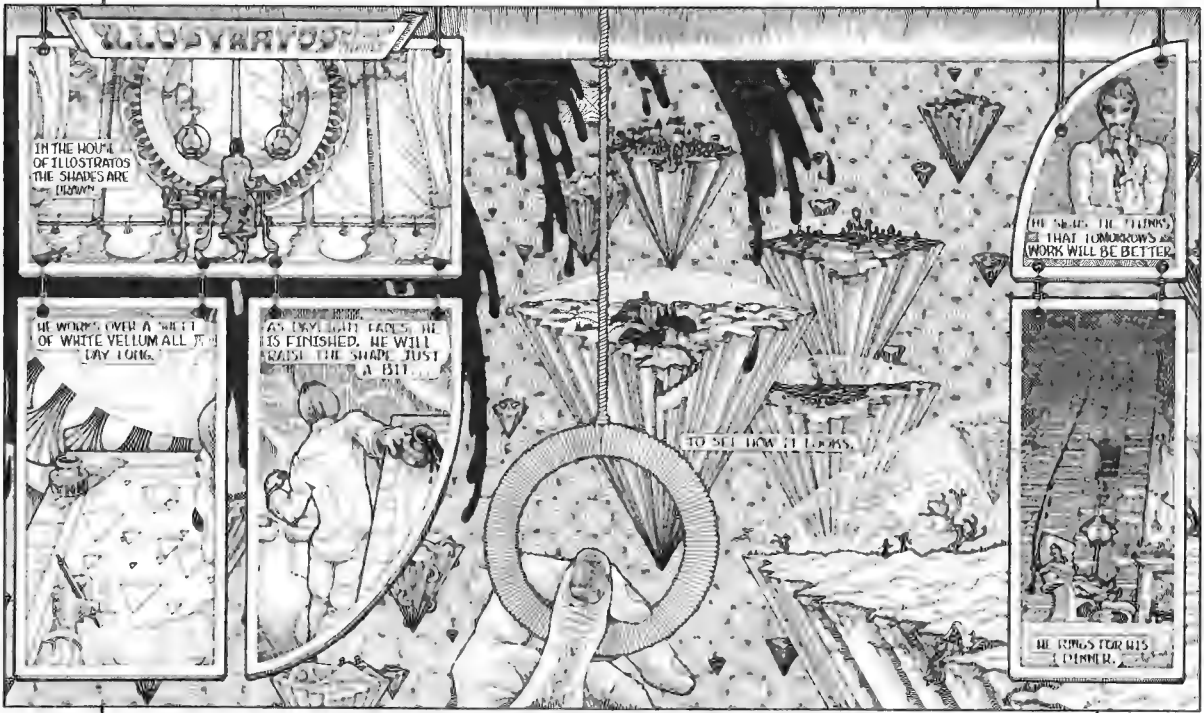
Devo's 2nd album on Warner Bros. Records and Tapes. Produced by Ken Scott for Komos Productions, Inc.


CARIES
BY F. MARGERIN
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY-MORE!
VVRRRRR
THIS TOOTH IS DRIVING ME CRAZY... I HAVE TO GET IT LOOKED AFTER!
I'LL LAND ON THIS PLANET AND HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE NEAREST DENTIST...
ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE CORRUGATED TINTOWNS THEY PUT UP AFTER THE WAR...
I'M GOING TO BE A BUGGER FINDING A DENTIST IN THIS PLACE!
AH! THERE'S SOMEONE WHO CAN GIVE ME DIRECTIONS!

EXCUSE ME, DO YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD GET THIS TAKEN CARE OF... MUST HAVE A CAVITY OR AN ABSCESS...
OH, DEAR, OH DEAR.
YOU MUST HAVE CHIPPED A NAIL... HAPPENS TO ME A LOT..
IT'S TOO BAD, BUT IT'S NOT TOO SERIOUS! NOTHING TO GET UPSET ABOUT!
THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! FEEL A BETTER ALREADY.
OBVIOUSLY THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLACE DON'T HAVE MUGS LIKE US!
OH, THERE ARE TWO WHO LOOK NORMAL!
PARDON ME, SIRS.
IS THERE A DENTIST 'ROUND HERE?
A DENTIST?
YEAH, A DENTIST! DON'T YOU EVER GET TOOTHACHES?
O' COURSE WE DO.
SO, HOWER YOU TUDEE?
NOT TOO BAD, THANKS!
AH, IT'S LOTS BETTER THIS WAY!
I THINK YOU'LL FIND ONE IN THE HOSPITAL OVER THERE!


THAT'S FUNNY, I DON'T KNOW WHY. BUT
THERE SEEMED TO BE SOMETHING UNHEALTHY ABOUT THOSE GUYS
TICK TICK TICK
AH HA! THERE'S THE HOSPITAL
"I WASN'T FEELING WELL..."
HELLO, HELLO!
COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE DENTAL CLINIC IS?
FACING YOU AT THE END OF THE HALL
PSST
WE'RE WORRIED! OUR SON HASN'T HAD ANY PUSTULES SINCE YESTERDAY. IT COULD BE AN ALLERGY!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THIS IS IT!
I SUPPOSE IT ISN'T REALLY VERY SERIOUS, BUT I WILL HAVE TO WEAR GLASSES
3

MMM. AFTER-NOON!
SIR!
NEXT!
WHA-?
THAT'S ME!
IT'S FOR THE KING'S BABY MOLAR THE FIRST. NEEDS A CROWN..
NICE LOOKING KID!
EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT. I'LL LEAVE YOU THIS PART TO TAKE CARE OF. I'LL BE BACK TO PICK IT UP IN AN HOUR. O.K.?
FINE
EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU COME HERE TO GET YOUR TEETH FIXED, TOO?
NO WAY, EH? THE DOC HAD ME COMING HERE TO WATCH THE BALL GAME..
LATER..
NEXT..
OH-OH!
EEK!
SIT DOWN. THE DOCTOR WILL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE
A HUMAN BEING!
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED TALKING TO MY EQUIPMENT, MAYBE WE CAN START ON THAT TOOTH..
HA HA! WITH ALL THESE GONZOS AROUND, I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT'S NORMAL. YOU KNOW, YOU THINK YOU'RE A REGULAR GUY, BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOU ASK YOURSELF...
END


ILLUSTRATOS
IN THE HOUSE OF ILLOSTRATOS THE SHADES ARE DRAWN.
HE WORKS OVER A SHEET OF WHITE VELLUM ALL DAY LONG.
AS DAYLIGHT FADES, HE IS FINISHED. HE WILL WASH THE SHADE JUST A BIT...
TO SEE HOW IT LOOKS.
HE SMILES. HE THINKS THAT TOMORROW'S WORK WILL BE BETTER.
HE RINGS FOR HIS DINNER.

A SONGSAGA™ PRODUCTION BY JAMES WALEY/CONTROLLED CHAOS. (DEDICATED TO DAVID MORRIS)
LYRICS: JAGGER/RICHARD STORY CONCEPT: WALEY ADAPTATION: WALEY/DAY PENCILS: GENE DAY
INKS-LETTERING: BILL PAYNE COLORS: MARTIN SPRINGETT

"PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF."
"I'M A MAN OF WEALTH AND TASTE."
"I'VE BEEN AROUND FOR LONG, LONG YEARS."
"STOLEN MANY A MAN'S SOUL AND FAITH."

"I WAS 'ROUND WHEN JESUS CHRIST HAD HIS MOMENT OF DOUBT AND PAIN..."
"MADE DAMN SURE THAT PILATE WASHED HIS HANDS AND SEALED HIS FATE."
"PLEASED TO MEET YOU, HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME. BUT WHAT'S PUZZLING YOU IS THE NATURE OF MY GAME."

"I STUCK AROUND ST PETERSBURG WHEN I SAW IT WAS A TIME FOR A CHANGE."
"I KILLED THE TSAR AND HIS MINISTERS; ANASTASIA...SCREAMED IN VAIN."
"I RODE A TANK—HELD A GENERAL'S RANK WHEN THE BLITZKRIEG RAGED AND THE BODIES STANK."
"PLEASED TO MEET YOU, HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME—OH YEAH! WHAT'S PUZZLING YOU IS THE NATURE OF MY NAME—AWW YEAH!"

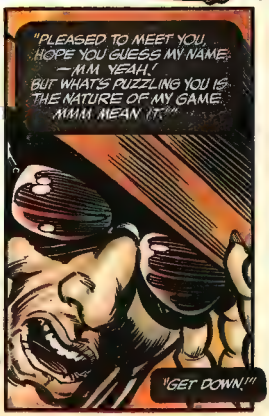
"I WATCHED WITH GLEE WHILE YOUR KINGS AND QUEENS FOUGHT FOR TEN DECADES— —FOR THE GODS THEY MADE. I SHOUTED OUT, 'WHO KILLED THE KENNEDYS?' WHEN AFTER ALL— IT WAS YOU AND ME."
"LET ME PLEASE INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M A MAN OF WEALTH AND TASTE.
AND I LAY TRAPS FOR TROUBADORS WHO GET KILLED BEFORE THEY REACH BOMBAY."
"PLEASED TO MEET YOU, HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME. —OH YEAH!"
"BUT WHAT'S PUZZLING YOU IS THE NATURE OF MY GAME—AW YEAH! AH—GET DOWN, BABY!"

"PLEASED TO MEET YOU. HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME. OH YEAH!— BUT WHAT'S CONFUSING YOU IS JUST THE NATURE OF MY GAME.
MMM YEAH!"

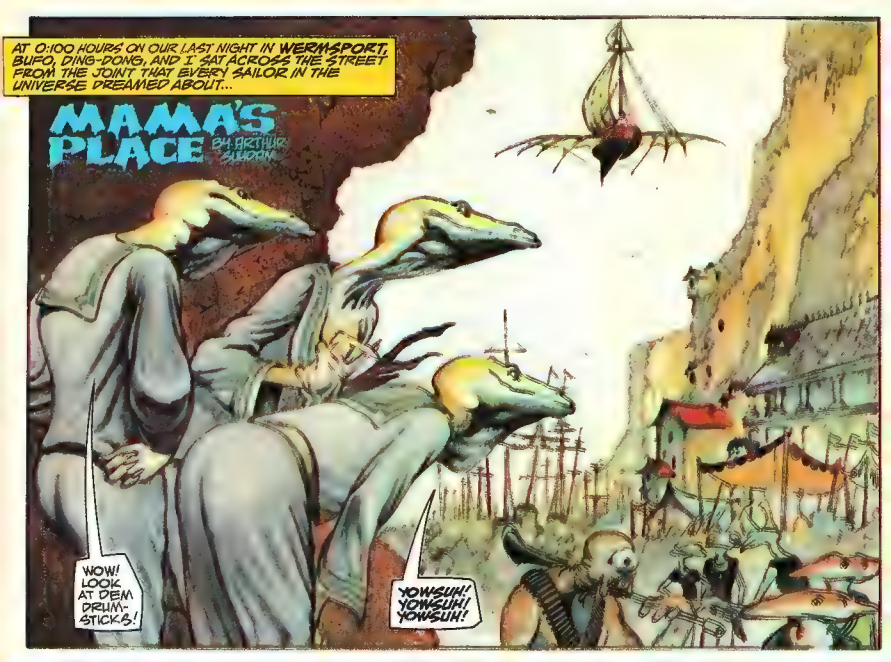
"JUST AS EVERY COP IS A CRIMINAL, AND ALL THE SINNERS --SAINTS."
"AS HEADS IS TAILS, JUST CALL ME— LUCIFER..."
"...CAUSE I'M IN NEED OF SOME RESTRAINT."

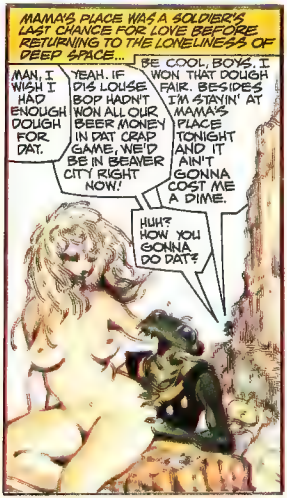
"SO IF YOU MEET ME, HAVE SOME COURTESY ...HAVE SOME SYMPATHY ...AND SOME TASTE!"

"USE ALL YOUR WELL-LEARNED POLITESSE OR I'LL LAY YOUR... SOUL TO WASTE— MMM YEAH!"


"PLEASED TO MEET YOU, HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME. —MM YEAH.' BUT WHAT'S PUZZLING YOU IS THE NATURE OF MY GAME. MMM MEAN IT.'"
"GET DOWN!"

"WHOOOHOO! AWW YEAH, GET ON DOWN!' OH YEAH!"
"YEAH...AWWW YEAH!"
"TELL ME, BABY! WHAT'S MY NAME?!"
"TELL ME, HONEY...
CAN YOU GUESS...
MY NAME?!"
"TELL ME BABY! WHAT'S MY NAME?!"
"TELL YOU WHAT—"
"—YOU'RE TO BLAME!"
"AAAH RIGHT!"


AT 0:100 HOURS ON OUR LAST NIGHT IN WERMSPORT, BUPO, DING-DONG, AND I SAT ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE JOINT THAT EVERY SAILOR IN THE UNIVERSE DREAMED ABOUT...
MAMA'S PLACE
BY ARTHUR SUYDAM
WOW! LOOK AT DEM DRUM-STICKS!
YOWSUH! YOWSUH! YOWSUH!


MAMA'S PLACE WAS A SOLDIER'S LAST CHANCE FOR LOVE BEFORE RETURNING TO THE LONELINESS OF DEEP SPACE...
MAN, I WISH I HAD ENOUGH DOUGH FOR DAT.
YEAH. IF DIS LOUSE BOP HADN'T WON ALL OUR BEER MONEY IN DAT CRAP GAME, WE'D BE IN BEAVER CITY RIGHT NOW!
BE COOL, BOYS, I WON THAT DOUGH FAIR. BESIDES I'M STAYIN' AT MAMA'S PLACE TONIGHT AND IT AIN'T GONNA COST ME A DIME.
HUH? HOW YOU GONNA DO DAT?

SO I SHOWED THE GUYS A LITTLE TRICK I'D LEARNED.

YA TAKE YOUR DOUGH AN' PUT IT IN YOUR SHOE...AND WHEN IT COMES TIME TO PAY, YA DISCOVER, MUCH TO YOUR DISMAY, THAT YOU LEFT YOUR MONEY IN ANOTHER PAIR O' PANTS. YA PROMISE DA LADY DAT YOU WILL RETURN PROMPTLY WITH DA CASH. ONCE ON BOARD YOUR SHIP, YOU'RE HOME FREE. HOWS DAT, HUH?
SOUNDS RISKY TO ME.
YEAH.

MAMA'S PLACE WAS EVERYTHING I'D IMAGINED—AND MORE. AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF THE GALAXY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ATTENDED TO MY EVERY WILD DESIRE.

BUT WITH THE MORNING SUN, THE PARTY CAME TO AN END. AND WHEN **BIG MAMA** APPEARED AT THE DOOR, I KNEW THE TIME TO PAY WAS AT HAND...

I REACHED INTO ONE OF MY POCKETS AND TURNED IT INSIDE OUT TO REVEAL ITS BARENESS.

WHEN I REACHED INTO MY OTHER POCKET AND FOUND THAT IT, TOO, WAS EMPTY, **BIG MAMA** NEARLY WENT INTO SHOCK.

I HASTILY APOLOGIZED FOR MY FORGETFULNESS AND PROMISED TO RE-TURN MOMENTARILY WITH THE MONEY.

?

WITH CONFUSION AT ITS PEAK, I QUIETLY MADE MY EXIT.

WHAT A BUNCHA DOPES! HAR! HAR! HARRECCHHHH!

I WAS ABOUT TO DEVASTATE HIM WITH MY AMAZING TECHNIQUE WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT...

IT WAS THE BOUNCER! THE UGLY GOON HOVERED OVER ME LIKE A TREE. BUT OFFICERS OF THE FLEET ARE FULLY TRAINED IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE...

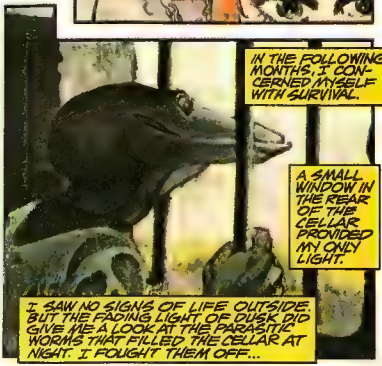
WH M

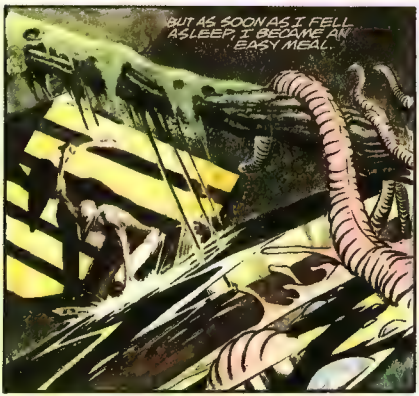
...OBVIOUSLY A SNEAK ATTACK FROM BEHIND!
IT WAS DAYS BEFORE I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, AWAKENED BY LOUD CRASHING NOISES FROM UPSTAIRS.

IT WAS A HORRIBLE BRAWL WITH GLASS AND FURNITURE SMASHING ABOUT. THEN, AFTER THE STORM, THERE CAME A TERRIBLE...

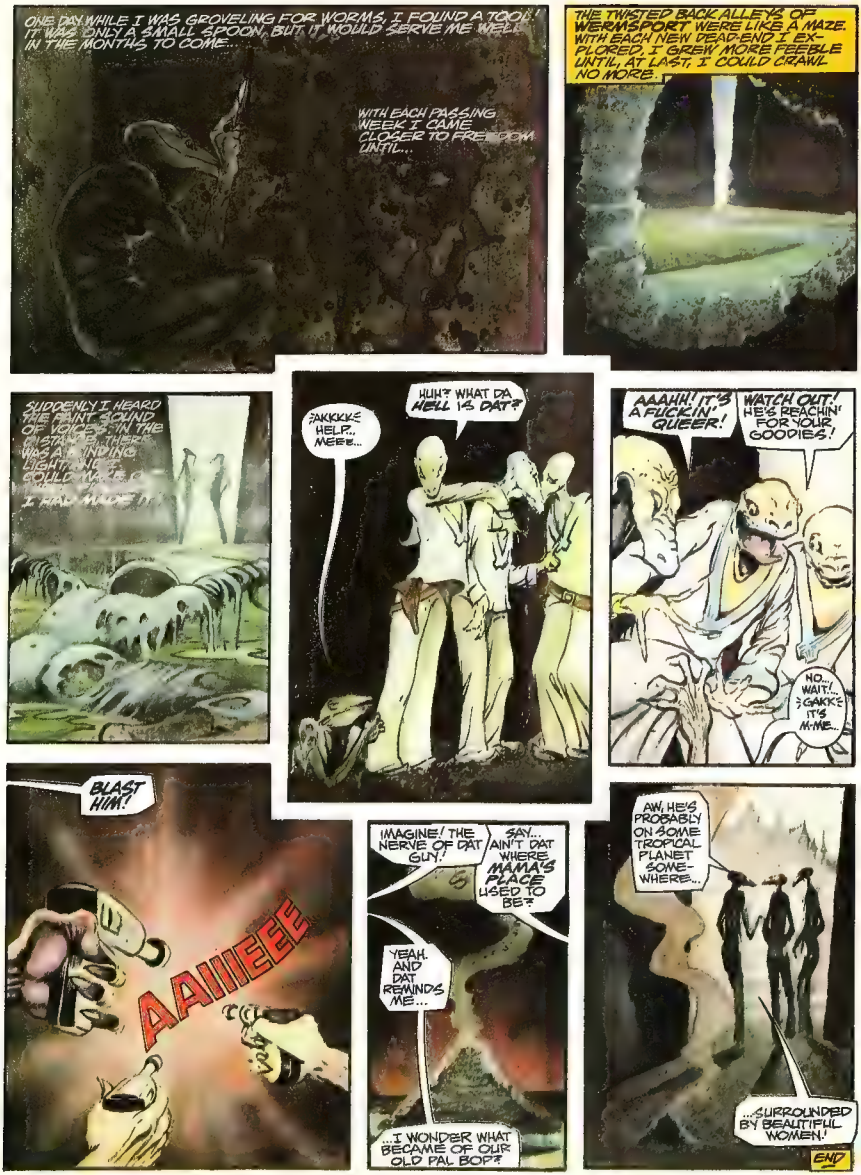
...SILENCE...

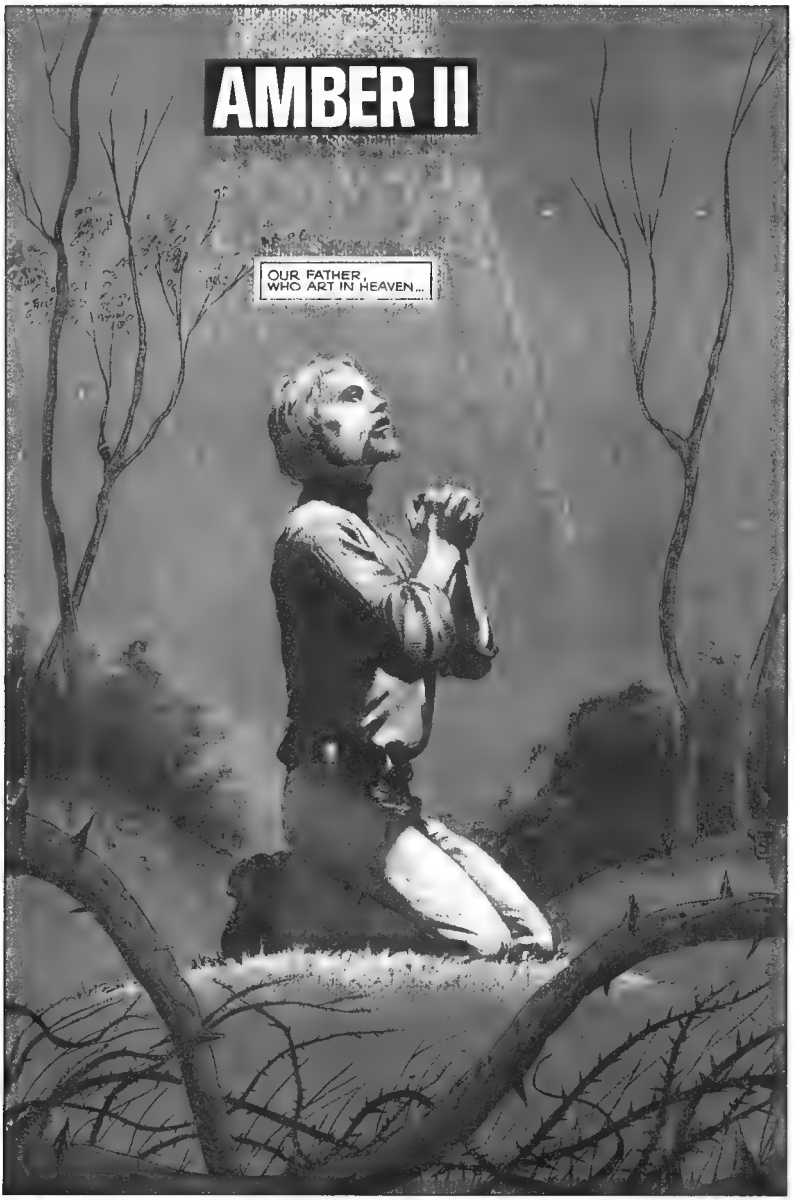
I POUNDED ON THE DOOR FOR HOURS. I SCREAMED FOR DAYS. THERE WAS NO REPLY.


IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, I CONCERNED MYSELF WITH SURVIVAL.
A SMALL WINDOW IN THE REAR OF THE CELLAR PROVIDED MY ONLY LIGHT.
I SAW NO SIGNS OF LIFE OUTSIDE. BUT THE FADING LIGHT OF DUSK DID GIVE ME A LOOK AT THE PARASITIC WORMS THAT FILLED THE CELLAR AT NIGHT. I FOUGHT THEM OFF...

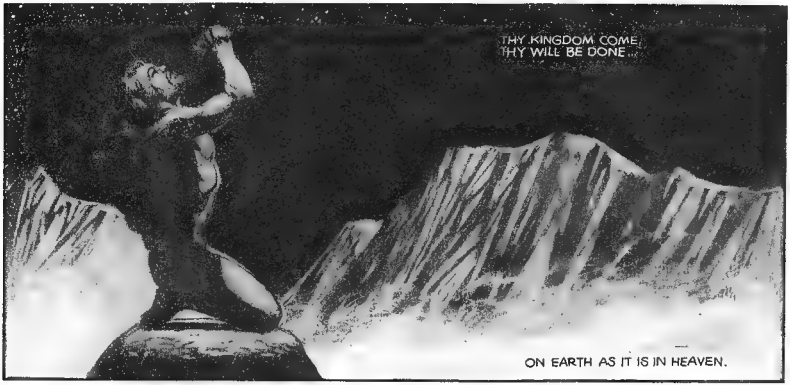

BUT AS SOON AS I FELL ASLEEP, I BECAME AN EASY MEAL.

BUT WHATEVER THE WORMS BORROWED FROM ME WAS PAID BACK WITH INTEREST WHEN THEY BECAME MY ONLY SOURCE OF FOOD...

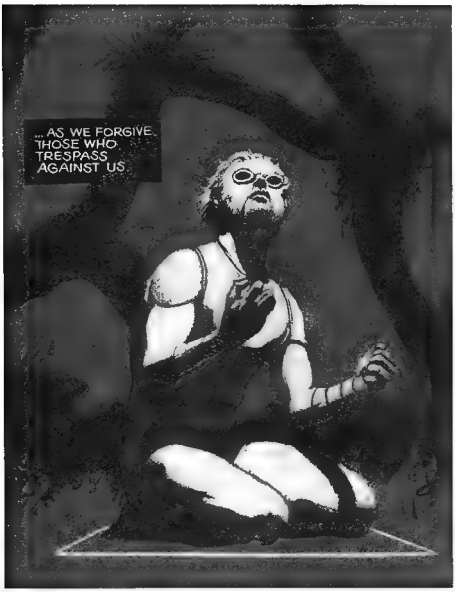

ONE DAY, WHILE I WAS GROVELING FOR WORMS, I FOUND A TOOL. IT WAS ONLY A SMALL SPOON, BUT IT WOULD SERVE ME WELL IN THE MONTHS TO COME...
WITH EACH PASSING WEEK I CAME CLOSER TO FREEDOM, UNTIL...
THE TWISTED BACK ALLEYS OF WERMSPORT WERE LIKE A MAZE. WITH EACH NEW DEAD-END I EXPLORED, I GREW MORE FEEBLE UNTIL, AT LAST, I COULD CRAWL NO MORE.
SUDDENLY I HEARD THE FAINT SOUND OF VOICES. IN THE DISTANCE, THERE WINKED A FLICKERING LIGHT. THE VOICES COULD MAKE O
I HAD MADE IT!
HUH? WHAT DA HELL IS DAT?
}AKKKK HELP.. MEEE...
AAAHH! IT'S A FUCKIN' QUEER!
WATCH OUT! HE'S REACHIN' FOR YOUR GOODIES!
NO... WAIT!.. }GAKK'E IT'S M-ME...
BLAST HIM!
AAIIIEEE
IMAGINE! THE NERVE OF DAT GUY.
SAY... AIN'T DAT WHERE MAMA'S PLACE USED TO BE?
YEAH. AND DAT REMINDS ME...
I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF OUR OLD PAL BOP?
AW, HE'S PROBABLY ON SOME TROPICAL PLANET SOMEWHERE...
...SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!
END

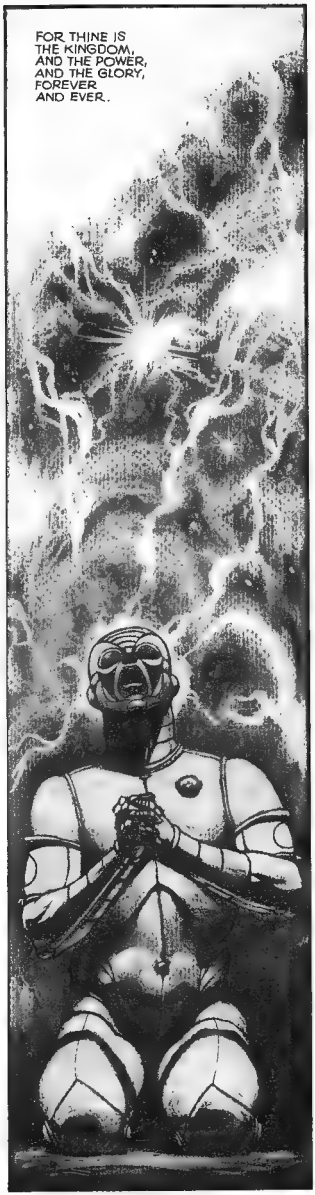

AMBER II
OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

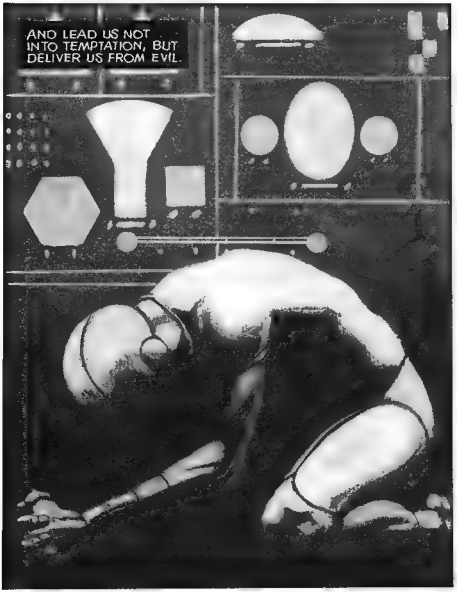
HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

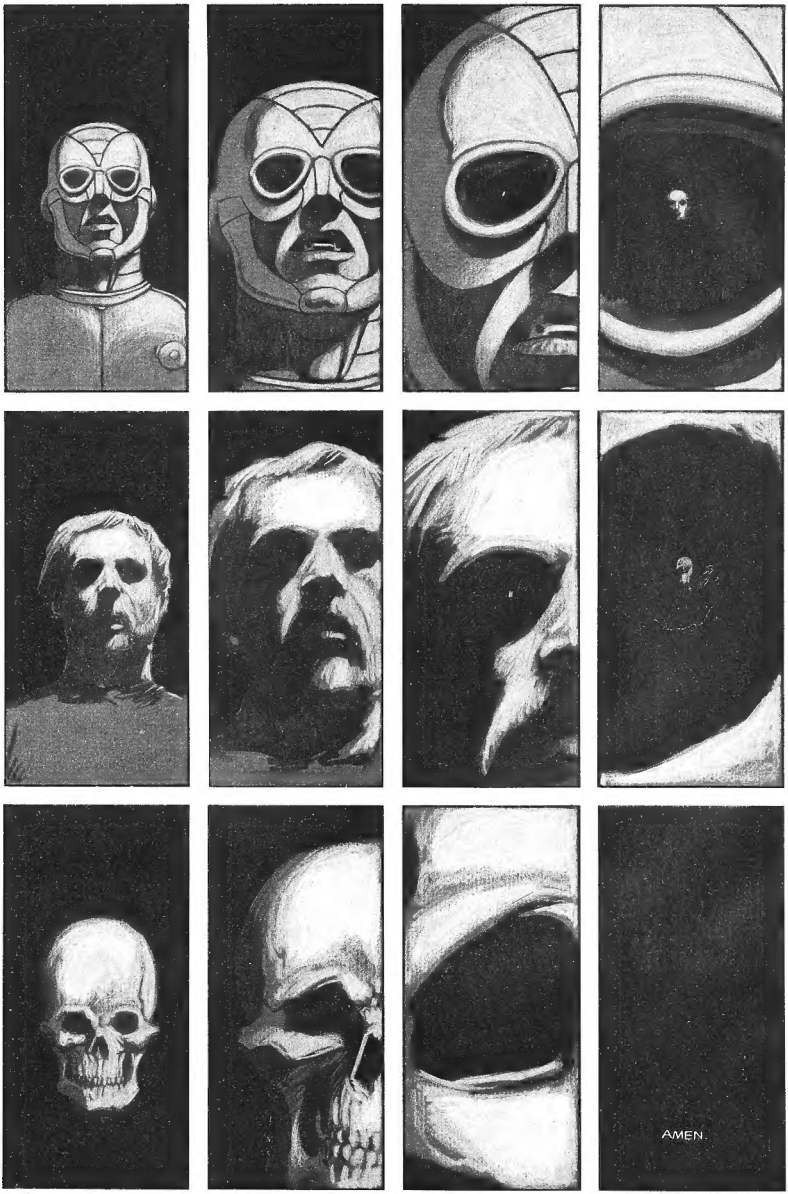

THY KINGDOM COME,
THY WILL BE DONE...
ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

GIVE US THIS DAY
OUR DAILY BREAD,
AND FORGIVE US
OUR TRESPASSES...


...AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.


FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER AND EVER.


AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.


AMEN.

The Heavy Metal T-shirt. A knockout.

Proven **best in intergalactic tests, *Heavy Metal* T-shirts of 100% cotton outlasted metallic fibers, 6y x⁹. French-cut sleeves allow full mobility in any gravitational field. Bold *Heavy Metal* logo, flocked to the thickness of fine industrial carpeting, stands out in the darkest regions of time and/or space.**

Available on Planet Earth *only* by mail from *Heavy Metal*. Black or red, small, medium, or large. Six dollars each, plus sixty cents for postage and handling.

The *Heavy Metal* T-shirt. A winner, by a knockout.

HEAVY METAL

DEPT. HM 879
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order please print the necessary information on a piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order.

Enclosed please find my check or money order.
Please send me ____ *Heavy Metal* T-shirt(s) at $6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt.

Black S☐ M☐ L☐
Red S☐ M☐ L☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

This certificate will save you $8.00 toward a subscription to

HEAVY METAL

the illustrated fantasy magazine

Subscribe now, filling in the spaces where indicated and enclosing your payment for a one-, two-, or three-year subscription, and deducting this $8.00 rebate. You'll start getting your monthly issue of ***Heavy Metal*** *shortly.*

The magazine of excitement, imagination, terror, and insight into the beyond.

An original creation of ***Les Humanoides of France,*** *brought to his country by Twenty First Century Communications, publishers of the* ***National Lampoon.***